

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Boris Chaitkin

They bought it as a "Second" Car
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Color photography by Hartwell

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Golden Swifties

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER
Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan



It was years later
that Henry Jones learned

the price of a pony

"ONE GOOD THING about *us* is that we don't have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses. We *are* the Joneses!"

That was one of Oscar Jones' favorite little jokes, and my Dad said he'd heard Oscar tell it a dozen times or more. But Dad also said it didn't keep Oscar Jones from doing his best to keep up with the Smiths, the Browns and a lot of other people in town.

For instance, when one of Oscar Jones' friends bought a big house down on Church Street, it wasn't long before Oscar bought an even bigger one. When another traded in his old car for a big, low-slung foreign car, Oscar Jones went right out and did the same. And when his son Henry left for the university in 1936, nothing would do Oscar but to send his boy off in style in a shiny new roadster of his own. I went along with Henry, and was convinced—as I'm sure everyone else in town was—that Oscar Jones was a pretty rich man.

It was during our junior year that Henry got word that his father died. He went

home for a week or so to look after things—and never came back.

As I learned afterwards, all Oscar Jones left his family was a big house they couldn't keep up, a powerful car that didn't bring much at the used car lot, and a good many miscellaneous debts that Henry and his mother were hard-pressed to pay.

I lost track of Henry Jones for quite a few years after that, so I was a little surprised to find him waiting for me when I got to my office one morning last week. After a few minutes of general conversation he looked around and said, "I was in this office once before. That was back in the days when your father was an agent for New York Life, as you are now. I was only a kid then, but I still remember it. When we started out that morning, Dad had some money with him to pay the first premium on a policy your father had sold him.

"Well, on the way down we passed a place where they had a pony for sale. I wanted that pony more than anything—

and that's where the money went. Dad wouldn't take the policy that day in spite of everything your father said.

"It wasn't until I had to leave the university that I understood why your Dad had urged mine so strongly to change his mind about the policy. Then I realized how much that pony of mine had actually cost. I decided then that if I ever got married and had a family, I wouldn't make the same mistake."

Henry and I started working out his life insurance program then and there. A couple of days later he stopped in again and handed me a check for the first premium. "I didn't see any ponies this morning," he said.

I laughed and thanked him. He grinned and said, "Don't thank me—thank your father. He made this sale for you over twenty years ago."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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world standard for reliability. A Bendix starter whirls into life engines fed by Bendix fuel metering systems with Bendix-filtered fuel. And Bendix instruments give the crew—linked by Bendix interphones—an accurate check on every factor requisite to sure take-offs.



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Guided Missiles—Bendix is likewise prominently identified with many guided missile developments which, because of security reasons, cannot be specifically discussed here.

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

These attributes also carry over into the scores of products which Bendix builds for all major industries. What these products are, and how you can use them to improve your present line, create new merchandise and cut manufacturing costs is revealed in a 40-page booklet "Bendix and Your Business." This is available, without cost, to all

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LETTERS

Warming Up for November

Sir:
... The country is faced with a choice between Uriah Heep ("I am aware that I am the 'umblest person going") and the Constant Tin Soldier ("He did not think it right to shout in uniform"). For myself, on election day I shall go not to the election booth but to the church pew and pray for the future of the country.

EMAM McDONOUGH

Weymouth, Mass.

Another Goal for Murray?

Sir:
Warmest congratulations on your masterly exposition of the steel situation (TIME, Aug. 4). It placed Phil Murray in a more favorable light than is commonly accepted. Were Murray's wisdom (and unselfishness) as great as his "big heart" he would, instead of fastening further inflation on all of us, be setting a goal of having every steelworker become the proud owner of 100 or more shares of steel stock. Community respect for such would be automatic. ... Indeed, such an outcome might turn the tide against the New Deal's insistent march toward converting Americans into class-conscious voters.

C. A. DeCAMP

Lieutenant Colonel

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Foiled Up

Sir:
We have news for Winston and Reader Hughes (TIME Letters, Aug. 4). Snafu and cummfu are a bit old hat in Washington.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Privately owned as U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

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Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
August 18, 1952

Volume LX
Number 7

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TIME, AUGUST 18, 1952



RAGWEED



CAT



FEATHERS



FISH



DRUGS



HOUSE DUST

Each of these can cause an allergy

A FEW GRAINS of ragweed pollen, for example, may cause "hay fever"—a disorder that affects more than 4 million Americans.

In addition, millions of other people in our country have asthma, sneezing spells, digestive upsets, or skin rashes because they are allergic to a wide variety of seemingly harmless things.

Allergy is a sensitivity to certain substances which cause no trouble for most people. While allergies are seldom, if ever, fatal, they can cause great discomfort. Moreover, if allowed to go untreated, they may undermine good health. This is particularly true of asthma.

Medical science has developed increasingly effective ways to control allergies. For example, inoculations against "hay fever" help many people to avoid this seasonal ailment entirely, or make it much milder.

Treatments for this condition are most beneficial, however, when taken well in advance of the pollen season. In fact, at least 85 percent of the patients are relieved through early treatment, but only 40 percent are helped when inoculations are delayed.

Relief from allergies due to obscure causes generally requires much "detective work." This is why the doctor asks detailed questions about when, where, and under what circumstances the condition occurs. Such questions give him clues to the identity of the offending substances. They also help him to determine if other factors—such as emotional upsets—may be involved.

Once he has found what causes the allergic reaction—through the history of the case supplemented by diagnostic skin tests—appropriate treatment can be started. These tests may be made by applying certain sub-

stances to the skin either directly or through a small scratch, or the substances may be injected directly into the outer layer of the skin.

The treatment for an allergy may be simple. If, for instance, a patient's sensitivity is caused by feathers, relief may be had by substituting a pillow made of rubber or other materials. Sometimes, however, treatment may be prolonged, especially if an allergy is caused by a sensitivity to many different things.

There is no "sure cure" for any type of allergy, but prompt and proper treatment may lead to its control. So, if you are bothered by an allergic condition, even a minor one, consult your doctor. He, or a recommended specialist, may help you avoid further reactions through treatment that effectively relieves three out of four cases.

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 952T, "Allergic to What?"

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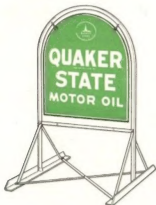
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along with tarfu ("things are really"), fubar ("beyond all realization"), fubb ("beyond belief").

The current dimensions are sapfu ("surpassing all previous") and the latest version: tuifu ("the ultimate in") . . .

EDGAR JONES

Washington, D.C.

For the Choi Jung Mooks

Sir:

I am the mother of a six-year-old myself—and as I read your July 31 story of the homeless children in Pusan, I became conscious of the fact that I must bear my part of the blame for all the Choi Jung Mooks of the world.

It made me feel guilty because there were times when I carped at my husband's \$3,000 a year salary, which paid our rent in the crumbling rookery in which we live, and forced down our standard of living because of the high rent we have to pay for the privilege of living in said rookery. However, at least we live. Is there anything that we can do to help those people? . . .

ELSPETH LEE

New York City

Sir:

. . . Those 10,000 "toddlers" and children are sitting on those filthy Pusan streets . . . Tell us, your army of readers, what to do—where to send funds—to help. We . . . are directly responsible for the horror of abandoned and dying children in that ruined country . . .

LOUISA BOYD GILE

La Jolla, Calif.

Contributions can be sent to CARE, 20 Broad St., New York 5, N.Y., or to American Relief for Korea, 133 East 30th St., New York 16, or to Save the Children Federation Inc., 80 Eighth Ave., New York 11. The two last-named agencies also accept children's clothing.—Ed.

Reluctant Kogis?

Sir:

Anthropologist Reichel-Dolmatoff states that a Kogi woman at night lures her husband "to lie down in the fields, threatening to cut off the soup if he refuses [TIME, July 28]. He then explains the Kogi man's aversion to sex stems from a cult of love for a world-mother spirit.

I disagree with the scientist and maintain that the Kogi male just doesn't like soup.

JACK GROSS

Detroit

Sir:

Accompanied only by a half-breed guide, I have explored the seaward slopes of the Santa Marta Mountains inhabited by the Kogi Indians . . . Far from being reluctant to sex, the *mama* to whom I talked, professed interest and wonderment at my being one of the first white women he had ever seen. After cautiously inquiring if I was a wealthy widow, he promptly proposed. I did not stay long enough to disprove further Reichel-Dolmatoff's claims.

(Miss) BERNICE GOETZ

Rocky River, Ohio

Home-Town Boy Makes Good

Sir:

. . . Whatever success the revival of King Kong is now enjoying in the U.S., it must be trilling compared to its appeal in West Africa . . . Hardly a week has gone by, since the film was first distributed in this area, that in some town it hasn't delighted huge audiences of

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TIME, AUGUST 18, 1952

fascinated natives who go again & again to see the great ape which they think is enormously funny . . . In the Gold Coast, one movie owner possesses only two features, *King Kong* and *The Mark of Zorro* . . . On Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays he has packed them in for years with the former; on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays with the latter. On Sunday there is always a sure-fire double-feature—*King Kong* and *The Mark of Zorro*.

SAM OLDEN JR.

Lagos, Nigeria, B.W.A.

Ruthlessness in Colombia (Cont'd)

Sir:

May I, as a Catholic, thank the Rev. George F. Packard, Episcopal minister, for his letter published in *TIME*, July 21?

Catholics are so unused to having anyone, not of our faith, write in exposing the real cause of trouble behind the incidents in Latin countries—namely, the incessant anti-Catholic propaganda of Protestant missionaries—that I am sure many Catholics were very touched by the gesture of this minister . . . While deploring the extreme actions of a few Colombians, I can't help feeling that their provocation must have been great . . .

V. R. ELLIOTT

Montreal, Que.

Sir:

The Colombia incidents are very unfortunate, and no Christian church would condone such violence . . .

If non-Catholic Christian clergymen want to convert the pagan, why do they insist on invading countries that have been Catholic for centuries? And if they do enter such countries, why must they preach a vicious, anti-Catholic brand of Christianity?

(THE REV.) W. C. HEIMBUCH

St. Michael's Rectory
Elizabeth, N.J.

Tribute to Sisu

Sir:

Your July 21 "*Sisu*" was superbly done. I have read few articles that have presented with such excellency the spirit of the Finnish people and the obstacles they have had to surmount because they live under the shadow of the historical Russian bully . . . What all of us, from the Thuringian Forest to Sheboygan, must realize is that to survive we need, along with armor, A-bombs and *voluta*, *sisu*.

WILLIAM C. SIMENSON

Madison, Wis.

Schweitzer v. Orthodoxy

Sir:

So Dr. Clarence Macartney thinks "modernism [in the U.S.] is not nearly so belligerent as it was. The barrenness of it has been demonstrated [*TIME*, July 21]." Demonstrated by whom, when, where? Dr. Macartney's statement is one that sounds good if you say it quickly, but won't stand examination. To consider only one example, let's look at Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the missionary in the Belgian Congo. While Pastor Macartney has been preaching to congregations of educated, cultured people, some of whom doubtless are fairly wealthy, Dr. Schweitzer ministers to African natives untaught in the ways of polite society, ignorant, poor, and unable to repay him except in the coin of gratitude and love. But by Dr. Macartney's doctrinal standards, Dr. Schweitzer is a modernist, a heretic . . . He denies many of the basic doctrines that to Dr. Macartney are essential elements of Christianity . . .

DWIGHT E. ALLEN

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMPAIGN

Starting Position

The starting positions in the 1952 presidential race were established this week, as well as they will ever be established, by Pollster George Gallup. In his first post-convention poll, Gallup asked: "If the presidential election were being held today, which political party would you like to see win...?" The results:

Republican	45%
Democratic	43%
Undecided	12%

Then he asked a more specific question: "... Which candidate would you like to see win—the Republican candidate, Eisenhower, or the Democratic candidate, Stevenson?" Results:

Eisenhower	47%
Stevenson	41%
Undecided	12%*

Ike's lead has to be taken with an important qualification. His name is far better known than Stevenson's, a difference which will level off between now and election day. In June Eisenhower led Stevenson 59-31 in a Gallup test. Ike's margin now is smaller than Tom Dewey's was in the first post-convention poll in July 1948, when Dewey led Truman 48-37.

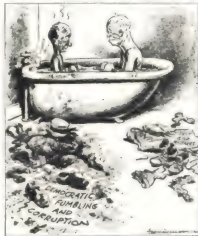
More significant, perhaps, was the percentage in the party poll. Two months ago, Gallup asked a question which was, in effect, much the same as his party question in the new poll. The June question: "Looking ahead for the next few years, which political party... do you think will be best for people like yourself?" The results showed the Democratic Party leading 42-37. Now, after the nation peered at both parties in action at Chicago, and saw their selection of candidates, the positions are reversed.

In announcing his first post-convention results, Gallup pointed out that his figures are fallible, recalling that his average error in national elections is 3.4 percentage points. Nevertheless, the poll is still the best available measurement of the positions just outside the starting gate. Ike's lead should do nothing to inspire overconfidence among Republicans, although it may dispel some recent G.O.P. misgivings.

* In each case, the 12% who were undecided were asked how they "leaned." Gallup then added the leaners to his totals, with these final results: Republican 48%, Democratic 46%, still undecided 6%; Eisenhower 50%, Stevenson 43%, still undecided 7%.

The Bare Bones

Although there is no August full for the candidates (see below), there is one for the voter. While the nominees and their strategists are busily planning ways & means of getting the voter's attention and his vote, he can inspect the bare bones of the presidential campaign, the chief advantages that each party and its



Shmooker—Chicago Daily News
"FANCY MEETING YOU HERE"

candidate have before the heavy speech-making.

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVANTAGES

Arithmetic. Democrats outnumber Republicans roughly 11 to 9, and the political equivalent of Newton's first law of motion is that U.S. voters are hard to move from one party to another. But the Democratic arithmetical advantage is reduced by the fact that voters are not so party-bound as they used to be.

Prosperity. High levels of employment, wages, profits and national output always have helped the party in power. The issue could not be put more baldly than it is in the Democrats' 1952 campaign song:

*The farmer's farmin' every day,
Makin' money and that ain't hay!
Don't let 'em take it away.*

The Short, Smug View. In any field, especially foreign relations, many an American is apt to mistake small gains for big victories and to conclude smugly that the U.S. is improving its position in the world.

The Opposition's Weakness. When a party is too long out of power, some of its leaders and spokesmen become irresponsible. The Democrats will paint the Republican Party as the party of Jenner, McCarthy & Cain.

The Payroll. On the U.S. Government payroll are 2,603,300 civilian employees who, with their families, carry a tremendous vote into the Democratic column.

The Beneficiaries. Some of those who receive Government checks (e.g., the old-age pensioner) consider the Administration in power rather than the U.S. taxpayers as the source of their benefits.

THE REPUBLICAN ADVANTAGES

It's Time for a Change. A lot of people think just that.

The Future. Just as the Democrats have an asset in the present, Republicans can stake a claim to a great U.S. future not based on war or deficits.

The High Cost of Living. Inflation is a burden the Democrats must shoulder (see below).

The Big Picture. More & more, voters are aware that the U.S. long-run position in the world has deteriorated and is in grave danger of further deterioration, especially in Asia and the Middle East. The Korean deadlock is a symbol of the Administration's inability to make real headway in resolving the world crisis. An Administration which will not admit its past calamitous mistakes (e.g., China) cannot set vigorously about retrieving those mistakes.

Communism. Many voters, including lifelong Democrats, are worried and outraged by the Democratic Party's lack of indignation at Communist influence in and on the U.S. Government.

Corruption. When a party is too long in power, corruption grows, and the Republicans will benefit from voters' realization that the Democrats are caught in this familiar swamp.

High Taxes & Waste. Each payday the taxpayer is reminded of how much of his income the Federal Government is taking, and many a taxpayer believes that a large part of what he pays is wasted.

STEVENSON'S ADVANTAGES

Old & New. To those voters who want both continuity and change, Adlai Stevenson is a new face on the old party and the old policies. His pitch is: "Don't let them take it away, but if you want a change, I'm it."

Good Words. Voters like a man who knows how to express himself in clear,



IKE & NEGRO LEADERS: REYNOLDS, NICHOLS, MRS. MUELLER



IKE

dignified, freshly minted sentences. Stevenson has that ability.

Good Works. Stevenson's public record is not long or great, but most of it is good.

EISENHOWER'S ADVANTAGES

Stature. The presidency of the U.S. is now the biggest, toughest political job in the world. Dwight Eisenhower's experience in making decisions in a world contest gives him an enormous advantage.

Attraction. Both men have charm and the priceless quality of attracting first-rate men to work with them. Eisenhower seems to have more of both qualities; at least his attraction has been more widely tested and proved.

Organization. At home and abroad, American problems are largely those of organization. Eisenhower is one of the great organizers of the century.

Principles. On some matters, Eisenhower cannot express himself as well as Stevenson, but when Ike speaks of the fundamentals of his religious and political faith (as he did in his informal afternoon speech at Abilene—*TIME*, June 16), his words ring as true as any man's.

Who's for Whom

In Florida, post-convention switches in political allegiance produced a high-level standoff. After resigning as Palm Beach County Republican committeewoman, Mrs. James Dinsmore Tew II last week announced that she planned to campaign for Adlai Stevenson and "never felt stronger about a candidate in my life." The same day Mrs. Bessie L. Boyd announced her resignation as Democratic committeewoman from Dade County (Miami). Said Mrs. Boyd: "We need a change in Washington."

Other notable switches:

¶ To Eisenhower, Oklahoma's former Democratic Congressman Phil Ferguson, because "as long as Oklahoma Democrats follow Bob Kerr . . . the Democratic Party cannot be sound in Oklahoma."

¶ To Eisenhower, Julius H. Requard, Maryland delegate to the 1952 Democrat-

ic National Convention. Reason: Builder Requard found the appointment of ex-Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt as Adlai Stevenson's personal campaign manager "just too much for me to stomach."

¶ To Eisenhower, Mrs. Fiorella La Guardia, widow of the famed "Little Flower," who, while mayor of New York City, helped organize the American Labor Party. Mrs. La Guardia supported Roosevelt in 1944. Truman in 1948.

The famed Baltimore *Sinners* also lined up behind Eisenhower.

Uncommitted once again was blonde, beautiful Faye Emerson (No. 3 of Elliott Roosevelt's four wives), who last May appeared in New York's star-studded Citizens-for-Eisenhower Rally, but now wants to hear more about Adlai Stevenson.

Pushing even farther out of the G.O.P. corral was Chicago Insurance Broker Hermon Dunlap ("Dutch") Smith, a Republican who headed the Stevenson-for-Governor Committee in the 1948 Illinois gubernatorial campaign, last week planned to organize a national Citizens-for-Stevenson organization.



MRS. BESSIE L. BOYD
"We need a change."

REPUBLICANS

Ike's Faith

The candidate himself called his pace "intensive." In his Denver hotel headquarters, Eisenhower was getting a tremendous load of work done. Each day he worked steadily from 8 a.m. to noon, then held open house for an hour for practically anyone who wanted to see him, then continued his briefing sessions with advisers on through the evening. The round of policy conferences was relentless. Among the week's visitors:

John Foster Dulles, foreign policy (see below); Illinois Representative Leslie Arends, Kansas Representative Clifford Hope and Milton Eisenhower, farm policy; Idaho Governor Leonard Jordan, development of resources; a delegation of Illinois Republicans headed by former Senator C. Wayland Brooks, to whom Ike demonstrated, fists clenched over the luncheon table, how hard he intends to fight in November.

Two groups of visitors made headlines:

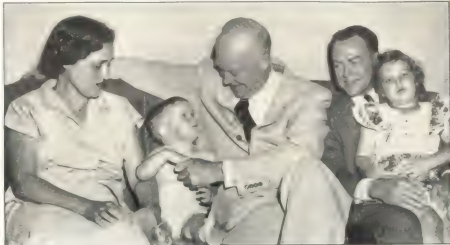
¶ Negro leaders including New York's Bishop Decatur Ward Nichols of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Hobson Reynolds of the Elks and Mrs. Ruth Mueller of the National Council of Negro Women. Eisenhower, said Nichols, was "not yet willing to concede that the only solution to civil rights is through a compulsory federal law," but Nichols added, "we are convinced that the election of General Eisenhower in November will greatly advance civil rights progress in America . . . [Eisenhower] stated he would be a 'soldier fighting in the ranks of civil progress . . .'"

¶ Three members of a House Ways & Means subcommittee, to whom Eisenhower said that the Social Security law is inadequate, and should "be extended to presently uncovered persons." He added that this was particularly pressing in the case of "old folks" and promised that he would urge increases in old-age assistance. Eisenhower was countering a statement he made in 1949—which Democratic orators



BROOKS

United Press



IKE & SERGEANT DRY'S FAMILY

United Press

were sure to recall—that "if all that Americans want is security, they can go to prison."

Eisenhower took time out to say goodbye to friends—Sergeant Leonard Dry, his wife & children. The sergeant, who is returning to Regular Army duty, has been with Ike as an orderly for ten years including D-day and occupied Germany. One day Eisenhower flew to Los Angeles to talk to the annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Ike's advisers were worried when they found out that the V.F.W. meeting was to take place in Los Angeles' vast, 105,000-seat Memorial Coliseum, which they knew would not be filled. In the TV age, such huge crowds, unless they are carefully drummed up in advance, have become rare. But the V.F.W. wanted the Coliseum for parade purposes. Since his appearance was "non-political," Eisenhower did not allow any interference with the veterans' plans, or any attempts by the Republican Party organization to drum up spectators. Only 14,924 seats were filled.

Despite the empty seats, it was perhaps Eisenhower's most effective speech to date. It seemed to get across not only the man's principles but the man's heart. Said Veteran Eisenhower, recalling the war:

"Each of us carried in his heart his own picture of America. It was a very intimate, cherished picture of America. It was what he was defending; it was what he was fighting for . . . We could not help wondering what America was going to look like when we returned . . .

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, when the Almighty gave us victory in World War II, he gave us another opportunity, another chance. He gave us an opportunity to make this America what we want it to be. Many a time I have stopped a soldier. I talked to him about these things, and through the years I gradually began to put down in sort of notes of my own those things that I thought all of us wanted, those features that were common to the dreams, the dream pictures, let us say, of all of us . . ." Eisenhower listed

his points, his clenched fist hammering down each one:

One. "To increase America's strength, her spiritual, creative and material strength. None of us to leave anything undone in order to make certain that that strength reaches the maximum for which we can possibly have any use.

Two. "To win a just and lasting peace secured by the entire strength of the free world. Each of us can help to see that that peace is not violated.

Three. "To build a prosperity not based on war. Each of us can help take the great resources of this country, the great geniuses of our people, our scientific brains, to make certain that we have a prosperity that brings to each & every one of us of 156 million people the most that it is possible to develop in this country.

Four. "To make America's promise of equality a living fact for every single American. In this, each of us can have a part. We can treat our neighbor as an equal. We can treat everyone with whom we come in contact as an equal, and in doing so we will be elevating ourselves.



Mrs. JAMES DINSMORE TEW II
"I never felt stronger."

Miami Herald

Five. "To strengthen and extend every measure for the security and welfare of our people.

Six. "To protect the earnings and savings of the people from the double toll of high prices and high taxes.

Seven. "To serve the worthy interests of every group of our people, yet make the test of every policy, is it good for America? . . .

Eight. "We can insist on restoring honesty to Government.

Nine. "To insure, by means which guard our basic rights, that those who serve in Government are Americans of loyalty and dedication.

Ten. "To revive in every American the faith that he can achieve a better future for himself and his family."

"How, Americans"

Political candidates are always getting initiated into Indian tribes. Last week at Gallup, N. Mex., Dwight Eisenhower reversed the process: he initiated some 10,000 Indians into a U.S. tribal rite—the campaign speech.

Ike was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd and signs—"How, Big Chief Eisenhower." After sitting through a parade of tribal dancers, Ike began his speech: "Governor Mechem, Chairman Ahkesh . . . and I hope I may say my brethren of the Zuni, Hopis, Apaches, Papagos, Rio Grande Pueblos, Navajos, the Sioux . . ." He got a huge round of applause as he rattled off the Indian names, continued: "I am particularly sensitive to the great honor you have done me . . . asking as your guest one belonging to the profession [Army] that in years past was your enemy . . . Out of the stories that surrounded that epic campaign, boys of my time found their heroes. Now my own heroes were on the side that my own Army was then calling enemies—Red Cloud, Chief Dog, Rain in the Face, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, Crazy Horse, Geronimo . . ." Tom-toms sounded as Ike named the chiefs.

"Later in my life I encountered repre-

representatives of these tribes on the field of battle. Never once, never once in all the campaigns of Europe with 3,000,000 Americans under my command, never did I have occasion to hear a complaint about the battle conduct of the North American Indian. . . . The workaday chores of peace are far more difficult to carry out, and often require greater moral courage, great necessity to defy friends, a greater readiness to sacrifice . . . than even some of the most desperate chores and tasks of war.

"In going around this country, I am going to try to seek out groups such as

The Case for Ike

Statesman John Foster Dulles, after a two-hour conference with the Republican nominees, more sharply than anyone else to date stated the heart of the case for Eisenhower and against Stevenson:

"Foreign policy is and must be a major issue in the campaign. . . . The trend of present foreign policies is to put our nation in the greatest peril it has ever been in in the entire course of our national history. At the end of the second World War, Russia was a relatively weak and terribly devastated country. The United States

world, and the policies I feel confident he will pursue, will check that trend.

"I believe he alone can check it.

"I have a very high personal regard for Governor Stevenson. In the past, we have been associated together in some matters.* But I must in all honesty say that he lacks the experience, the stature, and the power of decision in great world matters which is necessary to save our nation."

What did Dulles mean by "power of decision," a newsman wanted to know. Said Dulles: "I do not believe anyone without past experience in making grave decisions can all of a sudden be qualified to make the type of grave decision that is going to be required in this twilight zone between war & peace. General Eisenhower, as a result of his experience, has developed and demonstrated that capacity. It is at least highly problematic whether Governor Stevenson has the capacity."

Could Dean Acheson take credit for a revived spirit in Western Europe? Replied Dulles sharply: "I think practically all the credit for the somewhat improved morale in Europe goes to General Eisenhower." Things are at their worst in the "areas of the world where General Eisenhower had no responsibility. . . ."

What are the main differences between the Democratic and Republican attitudes toward foreign policy? "One [difference] is that the Republicans advocate a global, balanced policy which will treat the peoples of the Far East, Middle East and Africa as equal and first-class members of the free world and not as second-class expendables, which is the Administration policy. The second difference is that we will abandon the policy of containment and will actively develop hope and resistance spirit within the captive peoples, which in my opinion is the only alternative to a general war. . . . We will assume a psychological offensive and not be satisfied with a mere defensive policy that demonstratively will not work."

THE STATES

Big Bottles

Presidential candidates can be decisively helped or hurt by fights in key states for Senator, governor and other offices. Some of the assets and liabilities are already apparent.

In Massachusetts, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, 50, faces a redoubtable opponent: Representative John Kennedy, 35, a war hero,† a good Congressman and an excellent campaigner. Catholic Jack Kennedy has spent the last year charming Massachusetts voters, lately at tea parties organized by women Democrats. They brew a big dish of tea, invite scores of cit-

* Both have served on the U.S. delegations to the United Nations.

† One pitch-black morning in August 1943, Lieut. Kennedy's PT boat was sliced in two by a Japanese destroyer patrolling the Solomon Islands. With ten crew members, Kennedy swam from one island to another for six days before being rescued, was later cited for bravery and for saving the lives of two of his men.



THE HANDSOME KENNEDYS*
Mother helps out at tea.

James F. Coyne

this, where I can get close to people, talk to them, try to explain to them what is in my heart and mind and try with all that is in me to learn their everyday and immediate aspirations and hopes for peace, what they feel about the horrors of war, all the questions that mean so much. . . . He concluded: "I cannot leave here without expressing to you, my brethren of the tribes, my interest in your educational opportunities, your health improvements, all of those things which you so richly deserve, and which bring you finally to that stage where there is no difference, so that when we meet we will say, 'How, Americans.'"

Initiator Ike then shook hands with some of his red brethren, many of whom will be allowed to vote for the first time this year.

had unprecedented power and prestige in the world. Since then, the balance of power has been steadily moving against us.

"One-third of all the people of the world are already consolidated under the Soviet dictatorship as a hostile force against us. The remainder of the world, which we call the free world, is held together very precariously. The Russian leaders have been picking up the free world piece by piece. If this process goes on, there will be a balance of power against us so great I do not think general war can be avoided, because the Communist leaders will then have a good hope of victory.

"I am absolutely convinced that General Eisenhower, by reason of his experience, stature and prestige throughout the

* Jean, Robert, Jack, Eunice and Patricia.

izens to meet his mother and his pretty sisters. Then Jack shows up to shake hands. The "internationalist" son of "isolationist" Businessman Joseph P. Kennedy, onetime U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (1937-40), Jack has deep family roots in Massachusetts politics: his maternal grandfather, John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald, was twice elected mayor of Boston, served three terms in the U.S. House of Representatives.

In Missouri last week, the Democrats' chance of carrying the state got a real boost when W. Stuart Symington won the nomination for U.S. Senator over an opponent who had been endorsed by the creaky Pendergast machine and by Harry S. Truman. Handsome Stu Symington has a glamorous record of public service (he was the first Secretary of the Air Force, headed the National Security Resources Board, cleaned up the scandal-pocked Reconstruction Finance Corp.). The Republican nominee, Senator James P. Kem, is not popular, has no appeal to independents and is out of step with Eisenhower on foreign policy. Jim Kem is a member of the hard core of Senate isolationists, was one of the few Senators to vote against the Atlantic Pact, which was the genesis of Ike's post as SHAPE commander. Ike's chance to carry Missouri is considerably reduced by Symington's advantage over Kem, a fact that takes on added piquancy from Symington's long and ardent admiration for Ike.

In New York, the Democrats, confused and leaderless since Bronx Boss Ed Flynn became ill last year, still have not fixed on a candidate to oppose able Republican Senator Irving M. Ives. Since Averell Harriman has so far refused to accept the nomination, party leaders may have to fall back on Manhattan Borough President Robert Wagner Jr., son of the author of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. In that case, the Republicans would have an advantage, but the Democrats may dump Wagner in favor of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. There is an argument among Democrats over whether Junior's name balances his political immaturity which was strikingly evident in Chicago.

In Indiana, Senator William E. Jenner is a powerful vote getter but he is running for re-election against an even more popular figure: Governor Henry F. Schricker, a rather conservative Democrat who put Stevenson in nomination at Chicago. The Republican position is hurt by the fact that Jenner and Ike are poles apart on foreign policy. Last week Jenner said: "If I am wrong and Eisenhower's right, then I haven't hurt my country any. But if Eisenhower and the internationalists are wrong and I am right, then we will have destroyed our most important possession, the American Republic." Jenner says he is supporting Ike, but if Ike carries Indiana it will be in spite of Jenner.

In Kentucky, the Republican senatorial nominee is John Sherman Cooper, who was elected to a two-year Senate term in 1946. Cooper was defeated in 1948, but ran far ahead of the national ticket. He is

certain to coax many independent Democrats over to the Republican column and his presence helps Ike in this normally Democratic state.

In Michigan, Democratic Senator Blair Moody and Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams have tenuous holds on their jobs. Moody was appointed by Williams to fill the seat vacated by the death of the late great Arthur Vandenberg; Williams himself was elected by a bare margin. Unpopular outside Detroit, Moody is supported by the unions, but labor leaders are frequently unable to swing the Detroit election. This week, Repub-

DEMOCRATS

New National Chairman

For two weeks, Adlai Stevenson kept the Democratic Party guessing about his choice of a national chairman. The polls, including Cook County's Jack Arvey, urged Stevenson to keep Frank McKinney on in the job, or pick some other pro. But Stevenson, acting entirely on his own, chose a new face: Stephen A. Mitchell, Chicago lawyer. Like the choice of Wilson Wyatt as campaign manager (TIME, AUG. 11), the move was designed to reinforce the impression that Candidate Stevenson



THE HANDSOME SYMINGTONS®
Harry was no help at all.

Francis Miller—LIFE

licans faced Moody with a tough opponent: Congressman Charles E. Potter, a legless war veteran who has the support of Michigan industrialists, is a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Williams' opponent is Fred M. Alger Jr., public-minded heir of one of Detroit's pre-automobile families and a strong candidate.

In Ohio, Stevenson will get little help from impish, blimpish Michael V. Di Salle, onetime Price Boss now running for U.S. Senator against the incumbent John Bricker, who is probably the best vote getter in Ohio. The G.O.P. ticket is further buttressed by the candidacy of Bob Taft's brother Charles for the governorship now held by popular Democrat Frank Lausche. If anybody can beat Lausche, Charles Taft is the man.

is independent of the regular Democratic organization.

The Operators. Slim, serious-looking Steve Mitchell said he was in a "state of shock" over the appointment (although he had known for days that Stevenson was considering him) and described himself as a "complete amateur." However, Mitchell's amateur standing is open to question. Although he has helped to raise campaign funds for Chicago's Mayor Kennedy and for Stevenson, he is certainly not a professional politician in the old sense. The line of the old pros is running thin as the power of city and state machines declines. Present-day pros of the

* Front: Mrs. Stuart Symington Jr., granddaughter Anne, Stu Symington, wife Eve, grandson Stuart III; rear: sons Stuart, James.

Bill Boyle-Frank McKinney type tend to have the look of the breed without the depth of experience or the skill of their forerunners; they have, so to speak, the ears and the appetite of the bloodhound, without the nose. Meanwhile, a new kind of pro has been growing in the shadow of the New and Fair Deals. He is usually a smart lawyer who learns his way around the Washington bureaucratic labyrinth and who can, from an obscure post, exercise more power than many an old-style boss. These men, known admiringly as "operators" in Washington, are usually both able and honest, although the Washington experience frequently pays off in subsequent law practice. First of this breed was Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran (1932-38), and the present generation is an improvement on the parent stock.

Stevenson himself has been an "operator," albeit a somewhat low-pressure one: many of the "operators," including Mitchell, are strongly attracted to Stevenson and vice versa. During the war, Mitchell worked for Lend-Lease and the State Department. Last March, he was appointed chief counsel for the House Judiciary subcommittee investigating the Justice Department (the Chelf Committee) and has used his powers in a very adroit way.

Mitchell is a Roman Catholic, which is almost a requirement for the job of Democratic national chairman. He was born 49 years ago in Rock Valley, Iowa, son of a well-to-do banker ("We had ponies," recalls Mitchell) who lost his money, became a dairy farmer with young Steve's help. By janitoring and chauffeuring, young Mitchell worked his way through Creighton University prep school at Omaha. Later, he worked in the credit and sales promotion departments of General Motors Acceptance Corp. in Washington, studied law at Georgetown University at night. In 1932, he moved to Chicago, set himself up as a corporation lawyer, soon had a lucrative practice. (Best-known client: Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago.) Mitchell became friendly with Stevenson in 1945, when the two men would sit up late at night talking law. Mitchell helped persuade Stevenson to run for governor in 1948.

Behind the Scenes. As counsel for the Chelf Committee, Mitchell set out to do a major cleanup job on the Justice Department, but failed to make some of his cases stick. When the investigation began to fizzle, he used his authority as committee counsel (plus his friendship with Cardinal Stritch and Stevenson) as an effective political gun stuck into Attorney General McGranery's ribs. In this way, Mitchell has taken a hand in the running of the department, pushed through certain appointments. His behind-the-scenes operation raised the level of the department and protected his party; whether this is the function of counsel for an investigating committee is another question.

Before the TV cameras last week, Mitchell said: "I'm just a journeyman lawyer, and here I am with the lights on ... I'm eager to be helpful in any way..."

"An Elegant Gentleman"

Like Candidate Eisenhower, Candidate Stevenson put in a serious week seeing serious callers. Among them:

¶ Governor Hugh White of Mississippi, who told reporters he thought Stevenson was "an elegant gentleman and a very capable man."

¶ Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan, who declared himself "impressed" by the governor's grasp of farm problems, said that farmers are "in a good frame of mind toward Stevenson."

¶ Senator Richard Russell, who predicted that Stevenson would "carry every Southern state," declared himself satisfied with Stevenson's stand on civil rights.

¶ Averell Harriman, who is reportedly aiming for Secretary of State if Stevenson gets elected. He said that he too is "thor-



ADLAI STEVENSON
He surprised a moppet.

oughly pleased" with Stevenson's position on civil rights, added that Stevenson is "a great man."

To satisfy two men with such divergent views on civil rights as Russell and Harriman was a real triumph in fence-straddling for Stevenson.

One day Stevenson rode to the Illinois State Fair, accompanied by a strapping cowboy actor firing two six-shooters into the air. He accepted a layer cake from a bakers' union and had his picture taken sipping a chocolate milk shake (*see cut*). Halfway through the milk shake, he handed it to a wide-eyed moppet, saying, "Here, you take this. You look undernourished."

This week Stevenson was to lunch with President Truman and the Cabinet. The most humorous aspect of the campaign to date is the relationship between Stevenson and Truman. Mr. Truman is by far the most powerful man in the U.S., yet Stevenson treats him like political poison.

THE SOUTH

No Bolt, No Enthusiasm

The hot political winds that have been whirling through the South took on pattern and direction last week. The pattern led to two conclusions which seemed to be, but were not, contradictory: 1) there will be no organized bolt of the party by Southern Democratic leaders, 2) Dwight Eisenhower has a better chance to carry Southern states than any Republican candidate since Herbert Hoover in 1928.

Rhubarb & Calomel. The pattern emerged most clearly in South Carolina, whose Democratic leaders gathered at Columbia to complete the state convention recessed last April. The man whose attitude counted most was old Governor James Byrnes. Southern Democrats, he told the convention, had won some victories at Chicago. Stevenson was the most conservative and best-qualified candidate, excepting Georgia's Dick Russell. John Sparkman had always been true to the South on civil rights. The platform is bad on civil rights, but might have been worse if the South hadn't been in there fighting. Then the governor got to his recommendation: "To pledge the electors of the state Democratic Party to vote for the candidates of the Republican Party would not be right. . . . The state executive committee [should] place on the ballot under the name of the Democratic Party . . . electors pledged to Stevenson and Sparkman."

There was cheering and applause from a majority of the delegates, stony silence from a minority. Jimmy Byrnes, whose word would be listened to all through the South, had wiped out the possibility of a leadership bolt in South Carolina.

Having done so, Byrnes promptly cut the rest of the pattern. Every voter, he said, should have the opportunity to vote his convictions. Since the South Carolina Republican Party is weak and tangled in litigation, the thing to do is to get the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket on the ballot by petition, as an independent slate. "Many Democrats," said Byrnes, would sign such a petition. Later, he said he would sign one himself, although he was still not certain how he will vote in November.

The course that Byrnes suggested would not have been possible in previous South Carolina presidential elections. Formerly, the voter had to select a Democratic or a Republican ballot, and not many South Carolina voters wanted to be seen taking the latter. In 1950, South Carolina became the last state to adopt the secret ballot with all candidates' names on one sheet.* With an eye to this change, Byrnes charted a course by which voters can stay Democrats and vote Republican.

This was not enough for some of the hotter heads, who still wanted to give the

* When James Byrnes was U.S. Secretary of State (1945-47), one of the big international issues was the U.S. demand for a secret ballot in Eastern European countries occupied by the Red army. Byrnes had to carry the ball for a democratic safeguard against voter coercion which his own state had not adopted.

Democratic spot on the ballot to the Republican nominees. Said James A. Mayfield of Bamberg County: "Senator Sparkman is just the sugar-coated candy to get rid of the rhubarb and calomel taste of Truman and the C.I.O. gang." But Jimmy Byrnes' plan, as is customary in South Carolina, was adopted.

Going Fishing? This was, in general, the way the Democratic nominees and platform have been received throughout the South. In John Sparkman's Alabama and in North Carolina, there is no serious Democratic resistance, but the enthusiasm is limited. In Georgia, Florida and Tennessee, party leaders accept the ticket, but with little joy.

Some important Southern leaders say that they might "go fishing" on election day. One such is Texas Governor Allan Shivers who is deeply disturbed by the Democratic stand in favor of federal control of tidelands. Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd has not announced his support of the ticket. The prospect: little help for Stevenson from Byrd & Co.

The Southern leaders have not risen up in anger. Their inclination is to yawn, keep their congressional seniority in the party of their fathers and, perhaps, let Ike carry their states if he can.

As the campaign begins, Ike's best chances in the South are in Florida, Texas and Virginia. Whether he gets any or many of the South's electoral votes now depends on how well his campaign goes over with Southern voters.

TENNESSEE

Farewell to McKellar

Voters in Tennessee's Democratic primaries last week upset two political apple carts. By a majority of nearly 80,000 votes, they ended the 36-year Senate career of Kenneth ("K.D.") McKellar. (TIME, Aug. 11). To replace McKellar, the senior member of the Senate, they nominated (and, in effect, elected) 44-year-old Representative Albert Gore. By a smaller margin incumbent Governor Gordon Browning lost his fight for renomination to handsome, 32-year-old Frank Clement, a silver-tongued former FBI man.

McKellar, who had the support of Memphis Boss Ed Crump, was defeated primarily by his age (83). Browning, one of Crump's bitterest enemies, was hurt partly by charges of graft leveled against his administration, but suffered too from the fact that he had personally cast the Tennessee delegation's vote against admitting Virginia delegates to the Democratic National Convention after the Virginians had refused to sign the party "loyalty oath."

McKellar's defeat clouded Boss Crump's attempt to re-establish statewide power for his machine. To make the most of his victory in the gubernatorial race, Crump went to fantastic lengths. Said he: "I predicted in 1948 that Gordon Browning would turn Tennessee's capital into another Sodom & Gomorrah. He was bogged down in his own corruption."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Schizophrenia

The mellow voice of Price Administrator Ellis Arnall rose tremulously as he discussed the inflationary effects of the steel price increase. It will "set off another round of inflation," said Arnall, and add \$100 a year to the average family's budget. The echo of Arnall's tones had hardly died when his boss, Economic Stabilizer Roger L. Putnam, flatly contradicted him. There had been a "lot of talk" about steel setting off a round of inflation, Putnam said evenly, and it just isn't so. Although big steel had held "a loaded gun" at the Government's head to get the increase, Putnam said, the industry will be forced to absorb most of the cost.

Slapped, Ellis Arnall sounded another warning. The drought in Southern and



PRICE FIXER ARNALL
Funny, in its way.

Eastern states, said the former governor of Georgia, will cause food prices to "skyrocket." His lips were hardly closed before bald Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan baldly contradicted him. Said Brannan: The drought will not drive food prices up; its most serious impact has not been on food crops.

The Albatross. Behind this administrative schizophrenia (a word put in the campaign by Democratic Candidate Stevenson) lies a serious tactical problem for the Democrats. The Administration realizes that inflation, the high and heightening cost of everything, will be an issue when the voters go to the polls Nov. 4. The Administration wants to take the issue from around the Democrats' neck and hang it on the Republicans'. Putnam and Brannan did not agree with Arnall on how that should be done.

Arnall himself came forward with a suggestion for transferring the albatross. He strode in to see Harry Truman, suggested

that the President call Congress back into session to strengthen price controls. The President could call on Congress to reverse the "crippling amendments" adopted last spring with Republican support. Truman, who knows how to get votes out of a can of peas, promptly announced that he was "considering" such a call. That brought the inflation issue from the household arts and financial pages to Page One.

But Harry Truman was more apt to consider than he was to call. He had made political hay with his dramatic call of a special session on "Turnip Day" 1948, but the situation is quite different in 1952. There is no Republican 80th Congress to blame for all the things that have gone wrong; the Democrats have had a clear majority for four years. Because of the shotgun reconciliation at Chicago, the Truman Democrats cannot gracefully belabor their much-whipped boy, the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition. The Southern Democrats are back in the family, and one of them is even on the ticket.

This troublesome situation was quickly illustrated when South Carolina's Senator Burnet R. Maybank, chairman of the controls-controlling Banking & Currency Committee, spoke up. Present controls are adequate, he said. Then he talked about inflation in terms of wages, which is almost heresy in the Truman Administration: "The wage increases which recently have been allowed in the steel industry and in other industries are certain to have an inflationary effect." A special session, with Maybank and other Southerners talking like that, would de-unify the Democratic Party in short order. Adlai Stevenson, who had officiated at the reconciliation ceremonies in Chicago, obviously would not want that to happen.

Inflation by Law. There was no doubt that the 82nd Congress this year weakened the price-control structure (e.g., controls on canned foods were wiped out), as Ellis Arnall and others charged. But the foundation was a crumbling mass before that happened. Some of the crumbles: 1) Congress and the Administration, always mindful of the farm vote, had never established any effective control of farm prices, which are food prices in the raw; 2) the Administration, never forgetting the labor vote, had never held effective control over wages; 3) the Federal Reserve Board, under congressional pressure, lifted credit controls last May, after FRB had made a brilliant demonstration of how tighter credit lowers prices. The month after FRB abandoned its orthodox policy, installment credit jumped \$593 million to an alltime high of \$14.4 billion.

These inflationary actions illustrate the Administration's policy: yammer against inflation, but actually let it ride. There is no indication of a will to change that policy. Last week, realizing that he was getting nowhere, Arnall resigned as of Sept. 1, with a pointed comment: "Inflation will be constant and steady for the months ahead. I say to those who derry this prediction, just wait and see."

Another American troubled by the po-

litical and official inflation of U.S. economy spoke up on the subject last week. Said Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch: "Inflation has been legalized by the Government itself." Between now and November, it will not be easy for the Democrats to place the blame for that legalization on anyone but themselves.

Government Workers

There were about 580,000 Government workers when Franklin Roosevelt came to office in 1932, a wartime peak of 3,769,646 when he died. The figure dropped back to 1,950,408 in February 1950, still a half million higher than in any prewar year. It quickly began to rise again, last month hit 2,603,300, nearly back to the postwar peak set last December, when there were 2,921,600. This is just about double the number in June 1941—another rearmament period—and it is 116,809 more than were on the payroll in June 1951.

ARMED FORCES

Solitude & the Stars

In 1940 the artistic talent of Louis Patton, then twelve years old, attracted the attention of a West Hartford, Conn. newspaper. Though frail and shy, Louis seemed ambitious, told the paper that he was willing to try anything—"soda jerking, maybe"—to earn enough money for a trip to Hollywood, where he wanted to work for Walt Disney. Four years later, when he was 16, Louis dropped out of high school. Explained his father, Orall Patton: "Louis couldn't stand the drinking by the high-school boys, especially their breath."

For the next nine years Louis Patton just stayed home, pursuing solitude on the second floor of his family's white frame house in West Hartford. He passed the time happily, studying anatomy, doing clay sculptures and carving tiny, intricate heads on pencil ends. His doting mother, Constance Patton, stood guard over the boy's privacy, saw to it that he paid no attention to his father, who wanted Louis to lead a more normal life.

It wasn't as though Louis was a prisoner, one of his sisters pointed out last week. On several occasions he slipped off to New York escorted by his mother or younger brother, who died in an automobile accident last December while serving in the Army. And six times during those nine years Louis left the house long enough to make an inconspicuous trip to a local barbershop. (In between visits to the barber, Louis trimmed his own hair with a cutting comb.) One thing he didn't bother to do, however, was register for the draft. Constance Patton, an ardent believer in astrology, never felt the stars were quite right for this step.

Over the years most people forgot that Louis had ever existed, but last week an FBI agent called at the Patton home. (The family later decided that Louis must have been betrayed by a sister's estranged husband.) Mr. Patton, who answered the door, called to Louis to come downstairs. But it was Mrs. Patton, not Louis, who

came down. While she ordered the agent out of the house, Louis slipped down the back stairs and got clean away. As soon as she could, Mrs. Patton joined her son and hustled him off to New York. There the FBI finally caught up with the pair, found in their possession \$1,000 in cash and train tickets to Los Angeles.

At week's end Louis Patton had been freed on \$2,000 bail, was back home in West Hartford, where his mother once



LOUIS PATTON
Safe from bad breath and Korea.

again was guarding his privacy. On Aug. 19 Louis Patton will have to come out of seclusion to face charges of draft evasion. No charges at all have been placed against his mother.

CRIME

Lucky Ted

As the son of a Negro sharecropper in Gallion, La., light-skinned Theodore Roe got no schooling and was pushed into the world without a nickel. But Ted was luckier than a gallon of Fast Dice Oil. Fate led him to Little Rock, Ark., where he did odd jobs for a tailor and learned to sew. With this education, he pushed on to Chicago and went to work for a Negro tailor named Edward P. Jones. And that put Lucky Ted on the express escalator to Easy Street.

Tailor Jones switched from pantsmaking to the policy racket and made Ted Roe his first "runner," i.e., salesman of lottery chances. Protected by the Kelly-Nash machine, Jones was making \$2,000 a day by 1930, \$10,000 a day by 1938. Ted Roe got fat cuts of the fat profits.

This prosperity was almost too good to last. Chicago had scores of policy "wheels"—the circular devices from which winning numbers are drawn. Each "wheel" was named—there was the Erie-Buffalo-Goldfield Wheel, the B & O, the Windy City-

Subway-Big Town. Each was served by hundreds of runners and had thousands of loyal customers. Each was a gold mine. The Capone Syndicate set out to consolidate them into one big gold mine.

One by one, small policy operators capitulated to the syndicate. Negro Operator Jones was kidnapped in 1946, paid \$100,000 in ransom and hurriedly left for Mexico. But Ted Roe, his heir apparent, refused to give in. The Jones-Roe wheels netted \$1,120,000 that year.

By last year, Roe was the last lone operator; four gangsters tried to kidnap him, too. But his luck held. Roe, who habitually packed a pistol, got away, leaving a hoodlum named Leonard ("Fat Lennie") Caifano dead. Roe enjoyed life—he drove a Cadillac, wore \$50 neckties, and lived in a flamboyant apartment which boasted a revolving television set and pastel-tinted telephones to match the color scheme of each room.

But one night last week, Roe's career ended: as he was unlocking his car on the street outside his apartment, a voice called, "Roe!" He turned and was hit by three twelve-gauge shotgun slugs. Ted was laid out in a \$3,500 casket, and got the biggest Negro funeral in the Midwest since Prizefighter Jack Johnson was sent to his reward under a bee's paradise of floral offerings in 1946. At Roe's funeral, Minister Clarence H. Cobb said: "He was a friend of man, and he had a pure heart."

The syndicate took over his policy wheels, and it was hard for his admirers not to feel that Ted Roe, for once, had pushed his luck too far. That is, until his widow let them in on a secret: Lucky Ted had an abdominal cancer, and expected to die within a few months.

COMMUNISTS

Five Years & \$10,000

After a six-month trial in Los Angeles, 24 Pacific Coast chieftains last week were found guilty of advocating overthrow of the Government by force and violence.

Neither the defendants nor their lawyers attempted the kind of sustained courtroom didos which kept the New York trial of Red leaders in turmoil (TIME, Jan. 31, 1949 *et seq.*). One Government witness, an ex-Communist named Louis Rosser, spiced up the proceedings by recalling that the party had continually urged him to "move in" with a "well-developed Communist woman," and picked five for his consideration before he finally married one. The Government produced one startling witness, a grey-haired little old lady named Daisy Van Dorn, who had eavesdropped while running the elevator in a San Francisco Communist headquarters.

In general, however, the trial was dull and undramatic. The jury, all but buried under mountainous evidence at the end, took five days to come to a decision. But by week's end, the defendants were sentenced to five years in prison, fined \$10,000. The Justice Department plans to try 34 more Red leaders, 21 in New York, seven in Hawaii, six in Pennsylvania.

INTERNATIONAL

EUROPE

Birth of a Colossus

Prussia's greatest statesman, Prince Otto von Bismarck, often maintained that the squabbling states of Germany would never be united except by blood and iron, but lived to acknowledge that coal and iron played the larger role. Last week six Western European nations, including the ancient enemies France and Germany who have three times tried blood and iron, gave coal and iron a chance to unite them.

In the sharp spired city of Luxembourg (pop. 65,000), Sunday-suited burghers, many of them heavy workers from the Grand Duchy's steel mills, stolidly watched the nine-man High Authority of the European Coal-Steel Community take charge of an industrial colossus which will outproduce Russia in steel and rival her in coal. The Schuman Plan had become fact, and with it the ceiling imposed by the Allies on Ruhr steel production was finally lifted. Behind a battery of red gladioli in Luxembourg's City Hall, the men whose job it will be to sweep away Western Europe's tariff walls, crush its cartels, modernize its production methods and sell its coal and steel to all members of the Community on "equal terms" sat together for the first time. They were:

JEAN MONNET, 63, "Mr. Europe" (TIME, Aug. 11), president of the High Authority; FRANZ ETZEL, 50, German lawyer and chairman of the Bundestag's Committee on Economic Affairs, vice president;

ALBERT COPPE, 41, Belgian Minister of Reconstruction, second vice president;

PAUL FINET, 55, boss of Belgium's all-powerful General Federation of Labor;

ENZO GIACCHERO, 40, Italian Christian Democrat and professor of engineering;

HEINZ POTTHOFF, 48, labor-minded German steelmaker and German delegate to the Allied Ruhr Authority;

LÉON DAUM, 65, French steel magnate and Marshall Plan adviser;

DIRK SPIERENBURG, 43, Dutch delegate to the Benelux Council;

ALBERT WEHNER, 57, Luxembourg minister to France.

Shrewd and practical men, selected for their devotion to the cause of Europe. Inc., they were the first to admit that the squalls of doubt and suspicion that lay behind the Community were as nothing to the storms that lay ahead. Before the High Authority can come to grips with miners and steelmen, it must:

❑ Patch up the blistering feud between France and Germany over the coal-rich Saar which the French control and the Germans covet;

❑ Establish a price-equalization fund whereby Belgium's high-cost coal mines can be modernized and made competitive;

❑ Negotiate a commercial accord with Britain, the only major coal and steel producer which shunned the Schuman Plan.

Yet the directors of Europe, Inc., who consider themselves responsible not to the

governments but to the people of Europe, regard the Schuman Plan Treaty not only as a mandate to set up the Coal-Steel Community but also as a mandate to lay the foundations for a new supranation. Its name: the United States of Europe.

DANGER ZONES

All Quiet on the Evros

A world which was once set afire by a spark in what is now Yugoslavia has learned to take seriously even the slightest rise in temperature in the Balkan tinder box. Last week diplomatic pulses in half a dozen world capitals thumped over a frontier fracas on a half-submerged sandbank in the unnavigable Evros River which, in one ten-mile stretch, forms the border between Soviet-dominated Bulgaria and U.S.-protected Greece.

All summer long, Greek and Bulgarian soldiers had lurked along the Evros, taking potshots at one another. The most serious skirmishes occurred on three swampy sandbanks named Alpha, Beta and Gamma that lie in the L.e. of the wooded Greek shore. Then one day last month a Greek patrol on Gamma island, which is about the size of a football field, walked into a Bulgarian ambush and lost four men killed and two wounded. It became painfully clear to the Greeks that the Bulgars, egged on by the Russians who have a tank army

off. A team of excited U.N. observers sent an alarmist cable to New York: "Big forces ready for action on both sides . . . Very dangerous situation may follow."

Next morning at 9:30, after waiting for Europe's famed Simplon-Orient Express to roar along the nearby tracks on its way from Sofia to Istanbul, the Greeks opened fire with machine guns and mortars. After 60 minutes' bombardment and no reply, four bedraggled Bulgars crept off the sandbank and sloshed across the river into the woods on the Communist side. By nightfall, despite a constant barrage of propaganda insults on the Bulgarian and Greek radios, and much continued fluttering at U.N., General Maniades was able to report that all was quiet on the Evros front. Not this time was the tinder lit.

WAR IN KOREA

78 Towns on the Spot

By radio and by leaflets dropped from planes, the U.N. last week warned the inhabitants of 78 North Korean towns—which the enemy is using as troop, supply and communications centers—to get out of town and stay out. The U.N. had no desire to kill civilians, the messages explained, but the military targets in the towns had caused them to be selected for air attack. The warnings had been designed by Mark Clark's psychological warfare branch. It was certain that the Communist authorities would make every effort to keep people from trickling out of the target areas, and that the people would resent it. In World War II, similar warnings against the Japanese wrought havoc on Japanese morale.

Then Clark's airmen began to make good on the warnings by launching heavy raids on three of the 78 towns. This week 150 U.N. fighter-bombers destroyed a chemical plant and troop center at Nam-sok, on North Korea's east coast.

The enemy seemed plainly to be hurt. For the first time in months, he sent his MIG-15s across the Yalu in large numbers to challenge the U.N.'s strengthened and revitalized air forces. But the Red jets accomplished nothing. In six consecutive days of aerial fighting, U.S. Sabres shot down 19 MIGs, and Sea Furies from a British carrier destroyed a 20th. During this period, the U.N. lost eight planes (four to Communist ground fire, four from other causes, but none in air combat with the MIGs).

TREATIES

Peace

The peace treaty between Japan and the Nationalist Chinese government on Formosa formally went into effect last week, symbolizing the end of hostilities that began, not with Pearl Harbor, but 15 years ago when Japan opened fire on the Chinese at Marco Polo Bridge, outside Peking.



Time Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

close to the Evros, were determined not only to annex Alpha, but also to grab Gamma, which has been attached to the Greek shore ever since the Evros River shifted its channel to the Bulgarian side some ten years ago.

To the Evros last week went a task force of mechanized Greek infantry, supported by tanks, field guns and fighter planes. Third Corps Commander Stylianos Maniades broadcast a 24-hour "ultimatum" telling any Bulgars who might still be on Gamma to get off or be blown

NEWS IN PICTURES



United Press
CAMOUFLAGE COVER hides Korean trail from Red air eyes, as weary G.I.s trudge through mud from front line to rest camp.



Associated Press
HULA GREETING tests aplomb of Secretary Acheson, in Honolulu for first ANZUS Defense Council meeting of Australia, New Zealand & U.S.



Benjamin Gutalla—Pic
FAROUK'S FERIAL, eldest of three daughters, frolics at Capri as mother (ex-King's ex-wife) threatens action to get her children back.



Associated Press
EXILE-IN-ITALY FAROUK, who has a well-cultivated taste for resort life, enjoys the luxury of sunning his royal substance.



RUSSIAN POSTER, put up for Red Air Force Day, shows fighters gunning "border-violating" U.S. planes, making them "disappear."

Caption says: "Glory to Stalin's Falcons, Who Guard the Peace & Security of Our Motherland." U.S., British and French protested.



JACQUES FATH (right) & plumed friend prance & romp at Paris couturier's ball.



AMERICAN LEGION rounds up Broadway chorines to pick a "Mademoiselle from Armentières" (winner: right) who will lead 40 & 8 parade at next week's convention in Manhattan.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

Daughters of the Prophet

"Oh, women of the Prophet," commands the Koran "... stay quietly in your houses." A 12th century philosopher was more specific: "A woman should go out of doors only thrice—to go to her husband's house, to the funeral of her parents and, finally, to her own funeral." Omar the First (581-644) advised: "Consult women, and then do the contrary of what they advise."

In the back countries of the Moslem world, the men who can afford it still

their veils in public touched off a riot. Now, Syrian women who can show a primary-school diploma have the vote.

¶ In Lebanon, which is officially half-Christian and half Moslem, women press for reforms through nearly 100 women's clubs dominated by beloved old Ibtihaj Khadoura, who in 1930 became the first Lebanese woman to rip off the veil.

¶ Pakistan, upon its creation in 1947, began to loosen some of the old restrictions on women: purdah lost ground, women got a couple of seats (which they still hold) in the parliament. But the mullahs of Islam have reasserted the old customs;

Mohammed. The Koran's references to women, said the *fatwa*, clearly bar the 150,000,000 women of the Islamic world from voting and from holding public office. Allah gave this commandment because women are too influenced by their feelings and affections in making judgments; they are addicted to "straying from the path of wisdom." Women are biased and incompetent, while men are balanced, impartial, self-controlled. Sons of the Prophet who have been yielding to the demands of women, said Al Azhar, are guilty of "gross violation of Allah's Book and His Prophet's teachings."

Militant Woman. Not long ago such a pronouncement from Al Azhar would have put every veiled woman in Islam in her place. But it rolled off the arched backs of Egypt's feminists. Into the office of Egypt's new boss, General Mohammed Naguib, last week strode smartly styled Doria Shafik to demand a new deal for women. "You have broken the chains that bound the nation," she said, "and now ... break the chains of the women who form half the nation."

General Naguib offered to open some army jobs to women, but as for giving women the vote, he pleaded: "Please postpone this matter now. We want unity among all ranks of society. This is no time for controversy now."

Doria swept out of the general's office, her face fixed in that familiarly Western look of a woman who is not going to let a man have the last word.



DORIA SHAFIK & GENERAL NAGUIB
The professors distrust her affections.

United Press

keep the Allah-granted quota of four wives. Unable to read, forbidden to attend schools, or to listen to the deliberations of the males, millions of Islamic women remain quietly in their houses, unaware that there is any world beyond the narrow one visible through the slits in their veils.

But in the cities of Islam, time has chipped at the hard pillars of Islamic dogma:

¶ In making modern Turkey, Kemal Atatürk, one of the truly great men of this century, enlisted women in his army and abolished polygamy. In 1930 Turkish women got the vote and the right to public office.* Today women cast 60% of the Turkish vote, and three smart women sit in Parliament.

¶ In Syria only eight years ago, a report that some women were going to remove

the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, widow of the assassinated Premier and once a militant suffragist, has been forced into a quiet life, and the wife of the new Premier hides uncomplainingly in strictest purdah.

But it was in Egypt that the stirrings of emancipated women rocked Islam's elders most, for it took place in the very shadow of the mosques and chambers where the high priests of Islam hold their greatest sway. Well-to-do Egyptian women formed the Feminist National Party. Another group, Daughters of the Nile, led by smart and young (34) Doria Shafik, a philosophy graduate of the Sorbonne, signed up more than 1,000 upper-class Egyptian women. They prowled Cairo fixing politicians with the same gimlet stare on which Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt once impaled squirming U.S. Senators.

Erring Woman. The elders of Islam decided it was time to put the women in their place. From the Council of Ulemas of Al Azhar University, the supreme court of Islamic law, recently came a stern *fatwa* (Koranic interpretation) of the 1,300-year-old teachings of the Prophet

EGYPT

Moment of Opportunity

Some 70 years ago, a reform-minded general named Arabi Pasha led his brother officers in overthrowing a corrupt Egyptian government. After a sharp look at the crusading officers, England's great colonizer, Lord Milner, wrote: "It is possible to approve their aims and yet to disbelieve entirely in their capacity to carry them out." Eight months after he took power, Arabi fell, unable to control the forces he had unleashed.

Now a new reforming general, Mohammed Naguib, is in power. How is he doing? In three weeks he has become Egypt's indispensable man. Rarely in history has so much power been won with so little effort. Starting out to purge Egypt's army, Naguib became Egypt's ruler; vowing a distaste for politics, he has become through default his country's leading politician. Last week the reluctant ruler had the enthusiastic sanction of the people and the press, the anxious respect of the politicians, and the hopeful if sluggish attention of the Western powers.

So far, Mohammed Naguib has done a good job: changed the laws to encourage foreign capital; refused to reconvene the Parliament, which the corrupt Wafd Party dominates; freed the press, abolished censorship, the secret police and titles of no-

* Not so belatedly as Westerners may like to think. Before World War I only four countries (Australia, Finland, New Zealand, Norway) allowed women's suffrage. The U.S. granted women full suffrage in 1920, Britain not until 1928, France and Italy not until the end of World War II.

bility. He has vowed to limit the size of landholdings and to attack "indirect taxes whose burdens fall on the poor."

"Now We Warn." Naguib told the political parties: "Purge yourselves," and in three days the corrupt Wafd expelled 14 small fry, including three former ministers, hoping Naguib wouldn't notice that the two big boys, Mustafa el Nahas and Fud Serag el Din were still running things. But Naguib did notice, snapped: "I am not satisfied." This week he added: "We have advised. Now we warn. Next we shall act. We have had enough of corruption."

He went out of his way to invite the West's friendship, and to assure foreign businessmen in Cairo that their interests would be protected. While promising never to forsake the Sudan (where he was born 51 years ago of an Egyptian father, a Sudanese mother), he refrained from the usual rabble-raising demands for it, instead said: "We want to be on friendly terms with Great Britain." Speaking to foreign correspondents, he asked military aid "from the United States, Britain or any other Western democratic state," added: "But will I get it?"

Last week, a high-ranking U.S. observer in Cairo cracked a smile for the first time in months as he summed up: "We're sold on Naguib. He's almost too good to be true. But," he added, "the men around him have us worried."

The Surrounding Hawks. Hovering around Naguib at every press conference, watching him, watching the reporters, and watching each other like hawks are three or four tough, determined-looking young officers. They do not hesitate to cut Naguib off in mid-sentence to whisper advice, at times even take over touchy questions and answers themselves, leaving him with his mouth wide open. After one such passage last week, a reporter asked: "Is that



INTERNATIONAL

ASSASSIN TAHMASSEBI
Persians cheered his bloody deed.

VISITING KING

Arriving in the U.S. for a five-week visit, his first, the boy King of Iraq, Feisal II.

Born: May 2, 1935 in Bagdad's Palace of Flowers. Son of fast-living, wild-driving King Ghazi who died at 27, bashed against a light pole in an auto accident, after a turbulent, disappointing six-year reign.

Childhood & Education: A king at three, Feisal had a brief fling at toys and tanks, lollipops, Flash Gordon movie serials and Superman comics before growing into a solemn-faced, rather lonely youngster, stuffed full of English, Turkish, Arabic, Kurdish, French and dynastic history. At 14, donned his father's old school tie and went off to Harrow (Winston Churchill's school). Got along with teachers & classmates, showed no signs of the anti-British feelings his father developed there after three harrowing years.

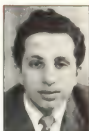
Personality: Has a modest manner, a quizzical mind, a pungent tongue. Likes to box, wrestle, ski. At 16, wrote a Judo manual in Arabic, entitled *How to Defend Yourself*, which became an Iraqi army text and a Bagdad best-seller. So far has shown little interest in politics.

Family Background: He is the leader of the 41st generation of the Hashemite family, founded by the Prophet Mohammed. For 37 generations the family was a slumbering bush-league dynasty. Then Feisal I (Feisal II's grandfather) fought against the Turks with T. E. (Seven Pillars of Wisdom) Lawrence in World War I, dealt deftly with the British and emerged as founder and first King of modern Iraq. He died in 1933. His brother Abdullah with British subsidies made a state out of arid Jordan. An assassin killed him a year ago.

Country & People: 175,000 square miles, largely arid, and some 5,000,000 people, mostly living in diseased, ill-clad, ill-fed poverty. The infant mortality rate is 500 per 1,000 births. Iraq is strategically important, with estimated oil reserves of 10.5 billion barrels. Needs honest government, land reform.

Purpose of Visit: To size up the U.S., which by default is becoming the No. 1 power in the Middle East. Washington, for its part, wants to give young Feisal a favorable and unforgettable impression of the U.S. before he ascends the throne next May and is boxed in by anti-U.S. advisers.

Itinerary: Reception at New York's City Hall, Ford plant in Detroit, Arizona and California irrigation projects, Hollywood movie studio, aircraft plant, the TVA, luncheon with President Truman, Giants-Dodgers game.



UNITED PRESS
FEISAL II

what you think too, General?" "Yes," smiled Naguib tolerantly.

At such times, Naguib appears less like the strong man and more like the presiding officer of a strong-minded group. In a sense, that is what he is. On taking over leadership of the Free Officers' coup against Farouk (TIME, Aug. 4), Naguib inherited a six-man operating group of majors and colonels, and added four of his own; men. To this day, this committee makes all the big decisions jointly. Inside, there are sharply divergent viewpoints. So far, Naguib, who outranks the others in years, prestige, personality and brains, has managed to keep the hotbloods pulling together; on crucial issues, he is boss. No officers accompany him to his almost daily private talk with his handpicked Premier, Aly Maher.

If the Western powers reply to Naguib's friendly gesture by offering one of their own—military aid, a compromise in the Sudan, or a more acceptable formula for a Middle East Command—the general and the moderates would be strengthened. But last week, while they sort of liked Naguib, the chancelleries of Great Britain and the U.S. were not letting this opportunity interfere much with their summer routine.

In its usual fashion, the Foreign Office let word leak that if Naguib wants to improve relations, it is up to him. And in its usual fashion, the U.S. State Department inertly decided to follow the British.

IRAN

Masterly Inactivity

Winston Churchill summoned his cabinet for a three-hour emergency session last week. Topic: Iran. The word afterward was that the British were coming around to Washington's view that the fall of weepy Premier Mohammed Mossadeh would probably bring the Communist Tudeh party into power. They no longer saw any real alternative, now that the last pro-British Premier (Ahmed Qavam) had been shoved aside, the young Shah rendered helpless, and the Iranian army brought under Mossadeh's control. But they still shrank from going to Mossadeh's aid and on his terms: helping the man who expropriated Anglo-Iranian's wealth would be too humiliating. Britain, predicted one observer, would pursue a policy of masterly inactivity.

As London and Washington exchanged thousands of words on the subject, Iran continued to go steadily into the hands of the extremists. In Teheran, with the galleries screaming approval, the Majlis voted a full pardon to bearded Khalil Tahmassebi, the nationalist fanatic who murdered moderate, pro-Western Premier Ali Razmara in March 1951. Then, to the second most powerful post in Iran, president of the Majlis, it elected the Mullah Ayatullah Kashani, spiritual chief of the assassins. Extremist Kashani ar-

ranged the Nationalist-Red alliance that battered Qavam out of power and brought Mossadegh back (TIME, Aug. 4). He still fancies himself smart enough to use the Reds without being used.

JORDAN

Schizophrenia

Another Middle East King lost his throne: 43-year-old Talal of Jordan, after a tragic eleven-month reign. Adored by his people, Talal fell victim not to a plot but to schizophrenia, which grew steadily worse despite treatment in Switzerland. This week Jordan's Parliament sorrowfully deposed him. He is succeeded by his son, Crown Prince Hussein, a thin, introspective adolescent. Interesting coincidence: Hussein and his cousin, King Feisal of Iraq (see box), studied at Harrow at the same time, will each rule a Hashemite kingdom at the same time, on reaching 18, next May 2.

KOREA

Old Hero in a Walk

For the first time in their thousands of years of history, South Koreans last week elected a President by popular and secret ballot. President Syngman Rhee, 77, got 5,238,769 of the 7,000,000 votes cast, without making a speech. On election day, the old man went to the polls with his loyal wife (see cut), an Austrian woman 20 years his junior whom he met in Geneva in 1932, when he was fighting his country's battles in the League of Nations.

The only other candidate with any considerable following was Lee Bum Suk, who had served Rhee ruthlessly well as Home Minister, and who was running for Vice President on Rhee's ticket. Surprisingly enough, he lost.

He owed his defeat to President Rhee himself. Lee had been so effective in riding herd on the South Korean Assembly (TIME, June 9 et. seq.), mobbing the Assembly with young hoodlums and arresting some of its members, that he came out of the battle with too much power to suit Rhee. Since Lee posed a threat, Rhee kicked him out of the Home Ministry and had police, block leaders and village elders pass the word to voters that Rhee's favorite for the vice-presidency was not Lee, but a little-known politico of 82 (some say he is 84) named Ham Dae Yung. Half a century ago, Rhee was condemned to death for political activities. Ham, then a young judge, commuted his sentence. Last week Rhee's good friend Ham beat out Lee by 1,000,000 votes.

The true secrecy of the voting and the honesty of the count—attested to by U.N. observers—were encouraging, and to Westerners who still doubted it, the balloting demonstrated Syngman Rhee's strong hold on the South Korean masses. He was strongest in rural areas. In Pusan, where South Koreans could see how Rhee "tyrannized" the National Assembly, the old hero—while beating his nearest opponent by 24,000—got only 45% of the vote.

JAPAN

Candles on a River

One cloudy morning in August 1945, the B-29 *Great Artiste*, commanded by Major Charles W. Sweeney of North Quincy, Mass., was flying over Japan. After 50 minutes' unsuccessful search for his target, Major Sweeney asked a naval ordnance observer, Commander Frederick L. Ashworth of Wrentham, Mass., what he should do. Try Nagasaki, said Commander Ashworth. With just enough fuel left for a single bomb run, the navigator, Captain James F. Van Pelt Jr. of Oak Hill, W. Va., hit Nagasaki exactly "on the nose." The bombardier, Captain Kermit K. Beahm of Houston, saw a hole in the clouds, let fly.

The atom bomb which fell from the *Great Artiste* at exactly 11:03 a.m. was



RHEE & WIFE AT THE POLLS
A strong hold on the masses.

far more powerful than that which had fallen on Hiroshima three days previously. Looking down on Nagasaki, Sergeant Raymond C. Gallagher of Chicago, wearing welder's goggles to protect his eyes, saw three "shock circles" rising through the boiling-up column of smoke, flame and dust. In that instant one-third of the city, including the Mitsubishi steel plant, had been destroyed. Engulfed in the explosion were 252,000 people, 36,000 of whom died, and 40,000 of whom were seriously injured.

At 11 a.m. last Saturday, Aug. 9, the air-raid sirens wailed again in Nagasaki. In memory of the atom-bomb deed, Nagasaki citizens bowed their heads, closed their eyes, prayed. Temple bells rang, civic leaders spoke. That night thousands of small lanterns, each with a candle burning in it, floated down the river which runs through the center of Nagasaki. In Buddhist faith, each candle consoled a soul lost in the atom blast.

The \$5 Crisis

Shortly after midnight on June 30, a couple of young sailors from H.M.S. *Bel-fast*, on shore leave in Kobe, grabbed a Japanese cabbie by the neck, robbed him of \$5 and adjourned to a bar. They were caught, drinks in hand, and last week each was sentenced to 2½ years at hard labor. It was the first sentence pronounced on foreigners since Japan regained her independence last April. The judge was careful to point out that the British tars got only half the minimum prescribed by Japanese law for assault and robbery.

But to London, fed up with failures and humiliations, this was too much. At the very moment of the arrest, Great Britain had been one of the U.N. nations negotiating with Japan to secure for U.N. troops the same privileges (including trial by their own courts) that Tokyo has given the U.S. security forces in Japan. The Foreign Office called the 30-month sentence "excessive and unjustifiable." Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was off in the country; the weekend before his engagement to a niece of Winston Churchill was announced (see MILESTONES). He rushed back to London, a fact by itself enough to send newsboys into the streets shouting "extra." Mr. Eden summoned the Japanese ambassador and handed him a stiff note demanding that Japan hand over the two sailors.

Japan, fed up with six years of bowing before the occupiers, was also sensitive. The Japanese public applauded the sentence. The newspaper *Yomiuri* warned: "We hope the Japanese government, whose weak-kneed diplomacy was criticized in connection with the U.S. . . . agreement, will retain to the last their firm stand in the U.N. forces agreement."

In London, the drunken sailors became "our boys." In a savage little cartoon, Lord Beaverbrook's London *Evening Standard* revived memories of vicious Japs in World War II.

Things were getting out of hand, and the U.S. stepped in. Ambassador Robert Murphy, backing the British, took up the \$5 crisis with Premier Yoshida.

MALAYA

Revolution in Clubland

Behind Britain's front against Communism in Malaya stand British colonialists, whose stiff-necked disdain for Malay and Chinese alike has made the struggle harder. Last June, the Selangor branch of St. George's Society, a British get-together club, sent out dinner invitations to the Sultan of Selangor and other Malayan dignitaries. The dinner was to take place at the exclusive Lake Club in Kuala Lumpur, but the club committee refused permission on the ground that a half-century-old custom prohibits Asian guests. The club's action enraged Britain's dynamic new High Commissioner Sir Gerald Templer, charged with conducting the war against the Reds. "Men who have come thousands of miles to fight Communism

Imperial

BY CHRYSLER



Among people of genuine attainment and position throughout our country the Imperial by Chrysler is becoming today's most highly regarded motor car. At this level, the choice is literally any automobile in the world, for price is of little or no concern. This speaks eloquently of the special beauty and taste of the Chrysler Imperial.



*The Finest Car
America Has Yet Produced!*



How to break the ice. A welcome way, at this time of year, is to suggest a tall and frosty mint julep. And it's *especially* welcome if you make it with that perfect julep whiskey—Four Roses. For, so many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—even outsells most other whiskeys at any price.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't *you*
rather drink
**Four
Roses**



in Malaya," said he. "British boys, Rhodesians, Gurkhas, Africans, Fijians, are all risking life side by side with Malay, Chinese and Indian lads. These men . . . know that the things which they are fighting for transcend the differences there may be of skin, color or custom."

The committee of the Lake Club resigned en masse. A new committee held a referendum. Last week the Lake Club's 1,200 members decided unanimously to open the club's doors to Asian guests.

ISRAEL

The U.S. Is Annoyed

As U.S. schoolboys fondly recite Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me death," so Israeli schoolboys like to declaim the Psalmist's powerful text: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

The end of the Arab war in 1948 left the Israelis with only a tantalizing toe hold in Jerusalem. The Arab Legion held the Old City. Since then, the U.N. in three separate resolutions has urged that the entire city be internationalized. But as the Israelis learned during their war for independence, one *fait accompli* is worth a dozen U.N. resolutions. They set out to make the toe hold a foothold.

First the government moved some of its smaller departments from the capital of Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Then the Knesset (parliament) itself quit the Tel Aviv movie theater where it had been meeting, and moved to Jerusalem, even though Jerusalem is on the fringe of the country. In 1950, the Knesset proclaimed Jerusalem Israel's capital.

But it wasn't quite. The Knesset hesitated to move the Foreign Ministry to Jerusalem lest foreign diplomats, abiding by the U.N. resolutions, refuse to follow. That would raise the question of Israel's legal right to take over the Holy City.

Three months ago, Israel announced that its Foreign Ministry would move to Jerusalem "before winter." The U.S. State Department, which always treats Israel with the greatest tenderness, especially in election years, demurred this time—in an *aide-memoire* which both sides agreed to keep from the press. An Israel spokesman brazenly announced that the U.S. had in effect approved Jerusalem's status as capital of Israel.

This was too much, even for the State Department, and even in an election year. It released the text of the *aide-memoire*: "The Government of the United States continues to adhere to the policy that there should be a special international regime for Jerusalem . . . Consequently, the U.S. Government . . . has no present intentions of transferring the Ambassador and his staff to Jerusalem." Britain, France, Italy, Turkey and Australia announced that they felt the same way. Their objections disturbed but did not stop the Israelis. Last week, the Holy City resounded to the hammering of workmen putting up prefab huts to house Israel's Foreign Ministry.

IRELAND

Found & Lost

Staring lonesomely at the tossing Atlantic from the rail of a Liberty ship, Medical Corpsman Frank Hayostek felt a small notion growing big inside him. Why not? said the notion.

Frank went below to his bunk and wrote a note. "Dear Finder," it said. "I am an American soldier . . . 21 years old . . . just a plain American of no wealth, but just enough to get along with. This is my third Christmas from home . . . God bless you." He added his address—184 Iron Street, Johnstown, Pa.—stuffed the note into a small aspirin bottle, corked and taped it. Then he kissed it gently and tossed it into the sea. The small notion bobbed out of sight and, almost as soon,



FRANK & BREDA
They kissed the Blarney Stone.

out of Frank Hayostek's mind. It was Christmas night, 1945.

Your Loving Friend. Eight months later, a letter came to Frank Hayostek back home in Johnstown, Pa. "I have found your bottle and note," the blue, slanting script told him. "I will just tell you the whole story. I live on a farm at the southwest coast of Ireland. On Friday, Aug. 23, 1946, I drove the cows to the fields beside the sea and then went for a walk on the strand called 'The Beal.' It is an inlet of Dingle Bay.

"Well, my dog was running before me and I saw him stop and sniff something light on the sand, and then he went off in pursuit of sea gulls. I found the object was a brown bottle. . . . The cork . . . crumpled in my fingers. How the note kept dry, nobody can understand. It must have been because you mentioned God's name on it. And He brought it to safe harbor. . . . I sat there on the beach and read it.

"I thought at first I was dreaming. This is just a little common Irish village where

nothing strange ever occurs, and this is something for the farmers to talk about while they cut the oats and bring the hay into the barn. Well, imagine, the bottle has been on the sea for eight months. . . . Who knows where it has been? It may have traveled around the world. How did it escape being broken on the rocks? If you had only seen where I got it! It's all a mess of rocks. The hand of Providence must surely have guided it.

"Well, I hope to hear from you soon . . . You mention offering no reward to the finder of the bottle. Well, I ask no reward, as it was a very pleasant surprise. Wishing you very good luck, your loving friend.

Breda O'Sullivan"

Seven years and 70 letters passed. Breda, a country milkmaid in the County Kerry village of Lislope, a speck on the map not far from Tralee, wrote of raising a greyhound, of playing a few parts on the stage at Killarney, of hoping some day to teach Frank the hornpipe. Frank, who was now an arc welder, wrote that he had sold his 1941 automobile, cashed in his war bonds and was setting aside \$80 a month until he had enough for an airplane trip to County Kerry.

Your Good Pen Pal. Last week, with a round-trip ticket and \$350 extra in his best suit, some nylons and a musical powder box in his valise, and reporters and photographers surrounding him, Frank Hayostek boarded a plane to fly to his blue-eyed colleen.

Only an Orangeman, and a sour one at that, could resist such a beginning to an international romance. Frank and Breda met first in Tralee where, as the song says, the pale moon rises above the green mountain. While most of County Kerry (and a stomping herd of out-of-town newsmen) looked on, they spent a day touring the Killarney Lakes, several hours at the thatched cottage on the 15-acre O'Sullivan farm where Breda's uncle dourly examined the visitor from America and 24-year-old Breda stuffed him with tea and cakes specially made at the baker's in Dingle.

Kerrymen were overjoyed to note that in no time, Frank and Breda were holding hands and smiling coyly at each other. But Frank and Breda, caught between excitement and embarrassment, kept County Kerry—and a good part of the world—waiting. "It's in the hands of God," commented Frank. "She's very nice." "After all," added Breda with a blush, "we only met a few hours ago. Up to then, he was only a man in a bottle."

Inevitably, they went off to kiss the Blarney Stone together. But then, while hundreds of pencils, typewriters and teletypes poised to write the happy ending, they ended the suspense.

"There is no romance and there will be no wedding," said Breda. ". . . We will remain good pen pals." Said Frank: "That's right."

Somehow, it was as if the glass slipper in the Prince's hand was too small for Cinderella.

GERMANY

Tears & Laughter

The most popular joke making the rounds last week in the land of Goethe and Krupp told of Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of Germany, at prayer in his chapel. From the vaults below, he heard a German voice groaning: "Adenauer, Adenauer, save me." The Chancellor crossed himself and dug downwards towards the voice. In a pit strewn with ruins he found Germania crucified, and stooped to draw out the nails clamping his nation's feet to a cross made by the Allies. As the nails came loose, Germania sprang up, and with a mighty kick booted Adenauer out of the chapel.

At this point, Germans laugh.

AUSTRIA

Fairies by Phone

Not many bubbles still remain of the champagne that once was life in Vienna, but one surviving reminder is the telephone system. With a languorous turn of a dial finger, the Viennese can evoke by telephone the latest weather reports, football pool results, stock and commodity exchange quotations, train or bus schedules, a complete daily dinner menu with recipes, or a perfect A-tone for his violin.

Last week the Austrian post office, administrator of the telephone system, proudly announced that the service would be expanded. Beginning Sept. 1, a lazy parent may dial A-o-60 and tune his child in on a complete five-minute bedtime fairy tale. Different story every night, too.

Stink in the Creditanstalt

Back in 1929 the collapse of Austria's Creditanstalt, controlled by the Rothschilds, did much to spark the worldwide depression. The bank served Hitler during the *Anschluss* and now, under state operation, controls at least 60% of Austria's economy. Now, as it was under Hitler, the Creditanstalt is run by Joseph Joham, the wealthiest and perhaps the most powerful man in Austria.

Responsible for handling the vast bulk of the \$900 million in ECA funds with which the U.S. has kept Austria alive since the war, Joham's Creditanstalt built up a complex labyrinth of foreign holding and trading companies (including some in New York which were forced to return \$1,000,000 in overcharges for ECA goods in 1950, another listed as owned by Joham's son in London, another in France half-owned by the son). Under Joham's management, the Creditanstalt struck large and questionable deals with Soviet and satellite traders, e.g., lard bought with ECA dollars from the U.S. was sold to Hungary for a 30% profit and, despite big profits shown in bank audits, provided not a cent of profit for the Austrian government.

Suspicious of the Creditanstalt's activities, U.S. High Commissioner Walter Donnelly (now Ambassador to Bonn), made a point of snubbing Joham, excluded



BANKER JOHAM
A most interesting European.

him when he invited Austrians to meet Secretary of State Acheson in Vienna recently, and pressed unsuccessfully for his removal from the bank. But Austrian officials did hire an American auditing firm, at \$500 a day, for a year-long look at the books. They soon found a foreign-currency employee who admitted engaging in illegal currency deals with people in Switzerland. He implicated others.

Last week, Austrian police arrested eight *Direktors* (department heads) of the Creditanstalt, including the chief of its ECA bureau, on charges involving "millions of dollars" of illicit currency deals. They hinted that some others also would be arrested, if any, would be attached to Joseph Joham, who has progressed so profitably through depression, *Anschluss*, war and chaotic peace.

FRANCE

Murder on a Holiday

Except for a few peasant farmers and tourists, the foothills of the Maritime Alps north of Marseille are deserted and desolate. It is not country to be stumbling about in at night. So when 32-year-old Gustave Dominici, whose farmhouse overlooks the river Durance, heard shots sometime after midnight on Aug. 5, he turned over and went back to sleep. But as soon as it was daylight Dominici took a walk along the riverbank in the direction of a car he had seen parked by the road the evening before. Beside the river he stumbled over the body of a small girl in pajamas, her skull shattered. Dominici sprinted toward the car. Under a plaid rug, among the roadside weeds, he found the body of a woman dressed in a kimono. Across the road, under an overturned camp cot, he found the bullet-pierced body of an elderly man in blue pajama pants.

Tourists were already speeding along the road. Dominici stopped a passing cyclist and sent him for the *gendarmerie* in Forcalquier, seven miles away. The cops failed at first to identify the dead: there were no passports or other papers. Then they found a child's exercise book. On the cover was written: *Name: Elizabeth Drummond Form III, Subject: Summer Holiday, Parent: Jack Drummond.*

Elizabeth's Diary. The dead man was Sir Jack Drummond, 61, famed British biochemist, who had devised Britain's palate-poor but vitamin-rich World War II diet of cabbage salads, carrots, grey wheat-en bread, potato pastry, and dried eggs. Scientific adviser to wartime Food Minister Lord Woolton he had developed an emergency meal for the bombed-out called blitz soup, and later a predigested food for starved survivors of Hitler's prison camps. A quiet, modest but convivial man, Sir Jack (he refused to be known by his correct Christian names: John Cecil) had once collaborated with a government scientific worker in a book about English food, then married her. The child was their daughter, aged 10. The Drummonds had left England late in July, motoring through France in their Hillman station wagon, sometimes staying at hotels, sometimes camping, as the hour or more caught them. Wrote Elizabeth in her diary on July 29: "Papa is not content. He says it is too cold to camp. Mama and I teamed against him. We won." Because Elizabeth wanted to see a bullfight, on the fatal night, the Drummonds had doubled back towards Digne, where they remembered having seen one advertised, and on the way back camped beside the road.

The Moon Was High. Surprised by the killer, Sir Jack, onetime college welter-weight boxer, had apparently resisted until two shots got him. Four bullets more accounted for Lady Drummond, Elizabeth, a witness of the murders, had fled toward the river, but the killer had overtaken her, clubbed her to death with the butt of his rifle. If money was his objective, as it possibly was, the killer had overlooked 5,000 francs (\$14) in Lady Drummond's handbag. In the river, police found the murder weapon: a U.S. Army M1 carbine.

But gendarmes, flying squads, villagers and passing tourists, milling around the Drummond camp, had obliterated all possible clues. Footprint experts, fingerprint experts and bloodhounds were unable to pick up a lead, though Parisian headlines feared what the unsolved murder might do to French tourism. It seemed likely that the only record of the Drummond family's last hours would remain Elizabeth's entry in her diary of the evening before: "The moon is high and shining. We are camping. I have just done something I always wanted to do. All alone I went swimming in the river—like in a movie or a dream! It was wonderful. So that they [her parents] would not notice, I put on my pajamas when I was still wet. It's cold!"



How to cut your worries

Helen Hayes, renowned actress and President of the American National Theatre and Academy, is the eighth contributor in the series, "How To Cut Your Worries."

Helen Hayes, one of America's most distinguished women, has this to say about a subject that's widely discussed

I suppose worry has played a big part in every actor's life since the earliest days of the theatre. Even the most experienced "old troupers" tend to become uneasy as opening night gets nearer and nearer.

Many theatre people go to quite elaborate extremes, making use of pet formulas, to keep this kind of worry out of their minds. I depend on hard work—keeping so busy that there is literally no time to fret over "everything going wrong."

Of course, a remedy like this is useful only against *headache* worries—more annoying than serious.

"Doing" instead of "Stewing"

But we all know far more serious worries—the kind that simply cannot

be pushed out of one's mind by concentrating on work. Probably the worst of these concerns the possibility of a day arriving when we can no longer earn the money needed to take care of our dependents—or ourselves. Despite all the sleepless nights this problem causes, it is often the easiest to do something about.

In the first place, life insurance has been with us for many years. It is available to almost everyone these days—and is designed to help us get rid of worries about future financial problems. Anyone who takes the time to consult a life insurance agent can often cut down most long-range money worries at one stroke.

A personally tailored life insurance program gives us the greater peace of mind that's so essential to happiness and success.

—HELEN HAYES

How Life Insurance helps cut down worries

Life insurance is especially helpful in overcoming worry. A well-planned program of life insurance can help to increase your peace of mind by making sure you will have funds available to meet specific problems when they arise.

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Massachusetts Mutual

OWNED BY ITS POLICYHOLDERS—OPERATED FOR THEM

THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

War Without End

"Death has become commonplace in Colombia," said a well-informed U.S. traveler returning from Bogotá last week. "The words assassination and murder are bandied about with no more emotion than we talk of beans, butter & bread."

He was talking about the bloody, matter-of-fact, half-underground rural war that has raged for the past three years between Colombia's Liberals and Conservatives. The most cautious estimates of the men, women & children killed now run to 15,000; other estimates go as high as 20,000 or even 50,000.

In Mountain, In Plain. The struggle pits guerrillas of the out-of-power Liberal Party against the troops and military police of the Conservative government. On the map, the guerrillas hold a third of the country, but their third, the rolling, grassy eastern *llanos*, is thinly populated. In the *llanos*, 5,000 irregulars commonly ambush and cut down invading government troops and steal their arms. The guerrillas themselves are targets of futile bombing.

Fighting has been reported recently in other areas around Risuicio, Puerto Berrio, and near Cali (see map), but most of rural, mountainous Colombia has felt such battling at one time or another since 1949. The cities have escaped because big army garrisons control them.

Inter-party warfare is not new to Co-

lombia; in the 19th century her citizens fought some 70 civil wars, big & small. One of them cost 80,000 lives, another 100,000. Colombians fight because each and every person, with rare exception, is emotionally given over to party loyalty as much as to national loyalty. Citizens are born Liberal or Conservative.

From France, From Spain. Ideological distinctions, originally stemming from Liberal admiration of the French Revolution and from Conservative roots in monarchical Spain, have become blurred. The most frequently mentioned issue nowadays is religion: Liberals are mildly anticlerical (although Colombia is 99.5% Catholic); Conservatives warmly embrace the church and its hierarchy. There is no clean economic cleavage between the parties, but industrialists, labor, white-collar classes tend to be Liberals, while landholders, many farmers and most priests are Conservatives. Liberals, in the last contested election, polled 58% of the vote.

Elaborate attempts have been made by statesmen from both parties to strike a truce—but they could not control the countryside partisans. More recently the Catholic Church, bulwarked by an appeal from Pius XII and parades displaying great fervor for peace, tried to halt the war but failed. Now the only limitation on the ferocity of the struggle seems to be the amount of arms the guerrillas can smuggle over the border or seize from dead policemen.

MEXICO

Beef for the North

On Sept. 1, the U.S. Government will lift its ban on the import of cattle and meat products from Mexico. The embargo was imposed five years ago after foot-and-mouth disease broke out in Mexico and threatened to spread across the border. About 500,000 head of cattle will be shipped north in the first year of renewed trade. At current prices that should be worth some \$140 million to Mexico.

CANADA

Fifth-Term Landslide

"God gave us Premier Manning," said an Alberta farmwife. "and neither the Liberals, the CCF nor the devil can take him away from us." Last week, with the devil presumably abstaining, Bible Teacher Ernest C. Manning's Social Credit administration was swept into power for the fifth time in a row. With counting almost completed, Manning's forces held at least 49 of the legislature's 61 seats.

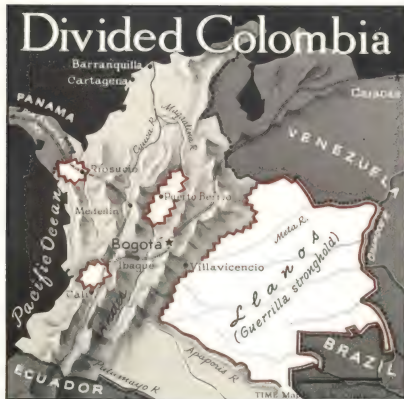
Manning's victory had been expected; the only surprise was its size. One disgruntled Liberal organizer summed up: "There just aren't any political trends in Alberta except the trend that a hell of a lot of Albertans want to stick with Manning."

There are two reasons for this, Manning, at 43 the nation's youngest Premier, enjoys an unrivaled personal popularity, while his province is enjoying an unprecedented boom. A slight (135 lbs.), teetotaling Baptist, Manning has won a wide following with his special blend of evangelism and politics. Said Edmonton Voter Jim McIvor: "I'm no church man like the Premier, with his preaching and his radio church hour, but I've got faith in Manning." So, too, have the big oil producers, who approve of Manning's handling of Alberta's rich oil and gas resources. The government holds 93% of the petroleum rights, distributes them fairly, siphons off just enough royalties to keep the province prosperous and industry encouraged.

Uranium Rush

The northern Saskatchewan wilderness, which once lured prospectors with a glittering promise of gold, was the scene of the world's first big uranium rush last week. Officials opened up a field on the shore of Lake Athabasca, and hundreds of prospectors swarmed in to stake claims.

The atomic-age treasure hunters included old hard-rock miners and rank amateurs; three of them were women. A \$5 license fee gave them the right to stake 21 claims of almost 52 acres each. All of them dreamed of claiming an area of radioactive pitchblende, and selling out for a fortune. But the man who struck it rich the first week was a cannery storekeeper who sold the dreamers \$4,000 worth of food and supplies in a single day.



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Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives you complete safety in every blowout! For no matter how big the blowout, the inner LifeGuard chamber still holds enough air to let you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. In 17 years, we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout emergency!

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double air chamber



Of course your smartest buy of all is a set of Goodyear tires equipped with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. No other tires give you the same comfort, safety and mileage as Goodyears. Remember, more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.



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Why spoil a trip by having to change a punctured tire? This tube mends its own punctures. If a nail or other object penetrates the New LifeGuard Safety Tube, the puncture-sealant automatically fills the hole; seals the puncture without loss of air pressure.

And these New LifeGuard Safety Tubes by Goodyear hold air more than 5 times longer than natural-rubber tubes.



COSTS LESS BECAUSE IT'S RE-USABLE !

This is the only blowout and puncture protection that doesn't wear out when your tires wear out. You can re-use these tubes in at least 3 sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving! Thus you save 20% to 43% per wheel!

If your tires are still good, get this protection now for the price of the tubes alone. Just have your Goodyear dealer install a set of LifeGuard Safety Tubes.



NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

by **GOODYEAR**

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**REALLY NEW
NOT JUST '52—**

Future features wherever you look. For this is no "face-lift" masquerading as a new car. This one's *really* new. Just ask for the keys and see for yourself.

Here's where it pays to be 'way ahead in style!



USUALLY, you can't use "money-saving" and "advanced style" in the same sentence. But now—now here's Mercury proving that it *can* be done.

You know it's years-ahead in design just by looking at it—just by comparing it with the face-lifted last-year models you see around. And you know it's eye-catching, just recalling how often you turned to see one. But what about economy?

Remember—Mercury, with optional overdrive, bent them all in the Mobilgas Economy Run! 3 prizes in 3 years,

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Don't forget that you're ahead money with a years-ahead car—because it's worth *more* at trade-in time.

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EYE AMERICA'S NO.1 STYLING STAR

MERCURY



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ECONOMY CAR"**

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Korea, Colonel **Joseph W. Stilwell Jr.**, 40, son of the late General "Vinegar Joe," took over as commander of the 23rd Regiment of the 2nd Infantry Division. In Korea, Captain **Clifford D. Jolley**, 31, of Salt Lake City, shot down his fifth enemy plane to become America's 18th jet ace of the war. In Tokyo, the Army announced that Brigadier General **Haydon L. Boatner**, who restored order to the rebellious prisoner-of-war camp on Koje Islands, had been promoted to the rank of major general. In Washington, the Marine Corps announced that Colonel **Katherine A. Towle**, 54, director of Women Marines, would retire next May to take over the job of dean of women at the University of California at Berkeley.

In Argentina last week the city of La Plata (pop. 200,000) was renamed **Eva Perón**. So will be all the streets and plazas throughout the country which hitherto had borne the name of onetime President Bartolomé Mitre. So will one school in every district, and all first-grade school-rooms in Buenos Aires Province. Many moppets henceforth will attend classes in the Eva Perón room of Eva Perón school of Eva Perón city.

The worldwide campaign to raise a fund of \$700,000 to maintain the Ayn St. Lawrence home of **George Bernard Shaw** as a memorial was called off after nine months of work produced about \$2,500.

In Chicago, where he started his professional climb to boxing fame 18 years ago, Old Heavyweight Champ **Joe Louis**

announced that he had signed a contract to play the fight scenes himself in a biographical movie which will star a professional actor not yet selected.

In its question & answer column, the Paris newspaper *France Soir* was asked: "Would you tell me what the American national anthem is and by whom composed and at what epoch?" The paper's answer: "The American national anthem was composed at the end of the last century, by **John Philip Sousa** . . . was called *The Stars and Stripes Forever*."

Cinematicor **Cary Grant** confessed to a woman reporter in Manhattan: "At one time I had very little regard for womanhood. As a matter of fact, it's only recently that I have been able to accept women as friends. I had an enlightening, let's say, I suddenly discovered that women are born with great wisdom and serenity . . . Now I can appreciate why my exes divorced me. I was horrible. loathsome . . ."

Here & there, romance faded and flowered:

In London, it was announced that the **Earl of Dalpeith**, 28, a much-rumored favorite of **Princess Margaret**, would marry pretty Jane McNeill, daughter of a Hong Kong barrister.

In Laredo, Texas, new love and disillusion met by chance over a cup of coffee at a drugstore counter, **Nancy Oakes**, whose former husband was acquitted of murdering her millionaire father in the Bahamas, was on her way to Mexico City with plans to marry Ernst Lyssard Hoyningen Huene, a titled German student from Oberammergau. Next to her sat Anita



MARIANNE O'BRIEN
Cigarette money.

United Press

Roddy-Eden, who was awarded a divorce and a \$50,000 settlement after living with **Tommy Manville** for twelve days as his ninth wife. Said Nancy: "May I have the sugar?" Answered Anita: "Certainly." Meanwhile, Tommy Manville had picked out wife No. 10: 24-year-old, blonde Corrine Daly from Brooklyn, who made the grade by trying to sell him her sailboat.

In a Miami court, 30 minutes of legal business dissolved the six-year marriage of **Richard J. Reynolds**, 46-year-old tobacco baron, and his flame-haired wife, **Marianne O'Brien**. Reynolds, who gave his first wife a \$3,000,000 settlement, settled this time for \$2,000,000, which included \$750,000 (tax free) for Marianne; \$10,000 a year for their two sons. The next day, on a private island off Georgia, Reynolds took his third wife, the former Mrs. Muriel Greenough of Toronto, a World War II war correspondent. Reynolds announced that they would fly to London early next month for the launching of his newest yacht and would start on a round-the-world honeymoon cruise.

Barbara Hutton and her 16-year-old son **Lance Haultwig-Reventlow**, who suffers from asthma and has been attending school in Arizona, flew to Honolulu for a vacation. At the airport they met a familiar barrier: reporters chasing down a rumor. Lance, whose titled Danish father still has his custody half the year, stood patiently on the sidelines to watch his experienced mother in action as the reporters closed in. Was she going to take her old friend, British-born Socialite David Pleydell-Bouverie, as her fifth husband? Said Barbara: "Good heavens, must I always be marrying? . . . I read in the papers that I am marrying the most extraordinary people."

In Portland, fresh from a fishing trip along Oregon's McKenzie and Rogue Rivers, **Herbert Hoover** sat down to a 78th-



BARBARA HUTTON, SON (LEFT) & REPORTERS
"Good heavens, must I always be marrying?"

Associated Press



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Kentucky Hospitality...
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birthday party with some 600 fellow engineers who hailed him as "the engineer of the century." Sun-tanned and beaming, the ex-President replied, "I am always embarrassed by such introductions. They are like cologne water. The fragrance is wonderful, but you mustn't take them internally."

On a downtown street in Rochester, N.Y., word spread that Dwight Eisenhower was getting a shave in a nearby barbershop. A crowd gathered to gape, while the customer in the chair chuckled and even posed for a picture. His name: Leo A. Mathews, a San Francisco businessman who is a remarkable look-alike. Said Mathews: "This has been going on for ten years, and I enjoy it." He has met Mrs. Eisenhower, but never the general.

Among the ailing and convalescing: Madame Chiang Kai-shek flew from her temporary home in Formosa to Honolulu for treatment of neurodermatitis, a nervous condition which causes severe itching. "Very tired and weak," she retired to the home of her sister Mme. H. H. Kung until hospital accommodations could be arranged. The Duke of Windsor was recovering in Montecatini, Italy, from a "slight attack of indigestion" diagnosed by his doctor as the result of "too many invitations in this heat." He was ordered to limit his drinking to milk (with occasional mineral-water chasers) and his eating to meats and vegetables. (thoroughly boiled) and stewed fruit. Writer Betty (A Tree Grows in Brooklyn) Smith was in a hospital nursing 37 stitches in her face after an auto crash near Louisville, N.C. Old New Dealer Paul Porter, now director of economic affairs for the MSA office in Paris, was reported "fine" after an emergency appendectomy which broke up a dinner party. Slant-eyed Actress Veronica Lake had to cancel a summer-theater engagement in Framingham, Mass. because of a slight virus infection. Mrs. Johnnie Ray, bride of the cry-baby singer, left her husband on tour and went to a Buffalo hospital for a pneumonia cure. Publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr. was nursing a "moderate concussion" and a wrenched right shoulder after taking a header from his horse on a San Simeon bridle path. German Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler was forced to cancel the rest of his Salzburg Music Festival appearances after a bout of pneumonia. Hollywood's talking mule Francis (see CINEMA) was nursing bruised legs after her trailer jack-knifed in traffic in Bridgeport, Conn.

Prince Gholam Reza Pahlavi, 29-year-old brother of the Shah of Iran and a first lieutenant in the armored section of the Iranian army, arrived in Manhattan bound for Fort Knox, Ky. and a 14-week course in U.S. armored tactics.

Yale University announced that its head football coach, 300-lb. former All American Guard Herman Hickman had resigned. With a record of 16 victories, 17 losses and two ties in the past four



Leo A. MATHEWS

He has enjoyed it for ten years.

years of his Yale coaching career. Hickman's contract had nine years to run. His next job: a TV program sponsored by the General Cigar Company.

At Stateville prison in Joliet, Ill., the warden said that inmate Nathan Leopold, now a bald 48, who teamed with Richard Loeb in the brutal 1924 "thrill murder" of 14-year-old Bobby Franks, has been a "very good" prisoner. He works as an X-ray technician in the prison hospital. Through the prison school and correspondence courses, he has learned "about 25 languages." Next New Year's Day he will be eligible for parole. His plans? Said the warden: "I don't think he knows himself what he'd do if he ever gets out."



Nathan LEOPOLD

In 28 years, 25 languages.

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— An official statement of June 4, 1949, by Senator Ernest W. McFarland, Chairman Senate Communications Subcommittee, Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and Majority Leader.

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Manager last night?"

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The kind of meeting that many Traffic groups hold

in various parts of the country to discuss Traffic problems.

Chances are he does this often...always on his own time.

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You'll find your Traffic Manager at regional and national Traffic conferences . . . and you'll find him contributing his knowledge and experience to help formulate policy on national transportation and many allied functions from damage claims to packaging . . . warehousing to materials handling. And you'll find, time and again, that this extra effort has a favorable effect on your profit picture.

The Hidden Dividend in Traffic

What about the last conference you had . . . the one where you discussed ways to increase sales? Was your Traffic Department represented?

Chances are it wasn't. Yet, Traffic might give you some interesting ideas about rates, costs and shipping methods . . . ideas from which sales might get an angle on opening up new territories in which competition can be met and sales made profitably.

How about lower inventories for Purchasing? Faster, lower cost production in the plant? Traffic has a vital bearing on all these problems. Why not consult your Traffic expert. You may find a hidden dividend you didn't know you had.

The Little Known Group of Men

We put this story with this series of C & O ads because it's just one more indication of how the Traffic Manager works to improve the overall competitive position of his company . . . how he tries to do more than you ask him to do.



Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as one of the great carriers of merchandise freight in the country, is vitally interested in any plan that will move more goods, more efficiently. That's why we sponsor this series of advertisements about the Traffic Manager and his job. The Traffic Man is management's answer to better and more economical movement of material.

MEDICINE

What the Doctor Ordered

(See Cover)

Though foreign visitors might be surprised to hear it, U.S. drugstores also sell drugs. They sell quite a lot of drugs. More than twelve times every second—almost 400 million times a year—some worried citizen peers down the length of one of the nation's 50,000 drugstores—past the lunch counter, the toys, the plastic raincoats, the hair lotions and tooth powders—and finally catches sight of the little glass booth marked "Prescriptions." To the pharmacist in the booth he hands a slip of paper marked with the magical device, "Rx," the name of a drug and a few cabalistic symbols squiggled in abbreviated Latin. A few minutes later, the customer walks out of the drugstore again, confident that he has been given just what the doctor ordered.

That confidence, and the enormous increase in the nation's prescription business (up 350% in the last ten years), reflect a revolution in U.S. medicine. Instead of writing a shotgun formula requiring half a dozen ingredients,* a doctor can now prescribe a single-bullet remedy, neatly packaged in advance, its purity guaranteed by the maker. Two-thirds of the drugs most commonly prescribed today did not even exist 20 years ago. In

* Literature's most famous prescription was not up to U.S. pharmacopoeia standards:

*Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake . . .
Gill of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab . . .*

—Macbeth

place of the citrates and tartrates, the *nux comica* and monkshood of an earlier day, the druggists' rows of glass-stoppered bottles are now filled with one or another of the long line of new "wonder drugs": the sulfas, the antibiotics, the hormones.

Back from Mephistopheles. To a large extent, this revolution was brought about by the big drug manufacturers who pour out the wonder drugs from their assembly-line factories, translating the discoveries of the laboratory into jars on the druggists' shelves. Only a generation ago, the drug industry was barely tolerated by "pure" researchers in science and medicine, who were apt to consider it as undesirable an employer as Mephistopheles. Now that attitude has completely changed. For their part, as the essential middlemen of the medical revolution, the druggists have accepted the fact that they are in business for other people's health. "Medicine is for the patient," says Merck & Co.'s Chairman George W. Merck. "Medicine is for the people. It is not for the profits."

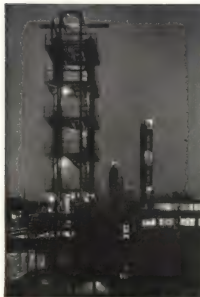
Chairman Merck's own company is not quite the biggest U.S. manufacturer of "ethical" drugs.* Its 1951 sales of \$120 million (plus \$10 million in Canada) were topped by Parke, Davis & Co.'s \$118 million. But Merck is one of the oldest (its roots go back to the Germany of 1668), its main lines are the four new classes of drugs (vitamins, sulfas, anti-

* In drug-trade lingo, "ethical" drugs are never advertised directly to the public, but always to doctors and druggists through professional and trade journals, and are usually sold only on prescription. "Proprietary" drugs are the old patent medicines gone respectable: no holds are barred in advertising them or pushing over-the-counter sales.

biotics and hormones), and its products reach every corner of the U.S. and the world.

Merck packages few drugs under its own name. But it supplies many other drug firms, which may simply package the Merck chemicals under their own labels or may use them in combination with their own products. So the chances are that any patient taking a prescription medicine today is getting something made, at least in part, by Merck. (Main exceptions: three patented antibiotics.) And more than likely, when he sits down to breakfast, he is also getting bacon from a hog that grew faster because of Merck vitamins and antibiotics in its feed, eggs from a hen protected against disease by a Merck sulfa, and bread enriched with vitamin B₁ made by Merck.

Pipes, Pipes, Pipes. The arsenal from which these new weapons come is as far removed from the apothecary's pestle and mortar as penicillin is from a medicine man's snake-oil elixir. In Merck's four producing plants in the U.S. (Rahway, N.J., Danville, Pa., Elkton, Va., and South San Francisco), almost 2,000 chemical operators perform their mysteries in a weird, surrealistic jungle assembled by welders, riveters and pipe fitters. Rising from the floor, which may cover an acre or more, are the great boles of the chemical forest: row on row of cylindrical stills and vats. Around and among them is a secondary growth of filters and crystallization tanks, their clusters broken by the stumps of centrifuges. Dangling like lianas from the upper branches are hundreds or thousands of pipes, from an inch to a foot in diameter, marked (usually at eye level) by a cluster of iron flowers—the handwheels of the valves. Everywhere there are pipes and more pipes. Like many another modern industry, the manufacture of the purest and most delicately con-



RAHWAY PLANT

Wm. R. Frutchen



MAKING VITAMIN A

From a pipe-fitter's wonderland, a medical revolution.



FATIGUE TEST

Roy Stevens



PACKAGING CORTISONE

From all-out research, four new frontiers.

structed drugs takes place in a pipe-fitter's wonderland.

If the plant makes chemical synthetics, the air is charged with the warning smell of organic solvents. No one smokes, for these vapors can form highly explosive mixtures. Maintenance men must use non-sparking tools, and usually a plant guard stands by them with an explosimeter, watching the dial to see that the organic vapor is not strong enough to make an explosive mixture. At the other end of the production line, workers must use rubber gloves fitted into the front of glass-enclosed cubicles to package sterile chemicals under germ-killing rays of ultraviolet light.

In other plants, the work is done by microbes—billions of microscopic creatures, some found originally in the air (e.g., the mold which makes penicillin), some from the soil (for streptomycin and B₁₂). Selectively bred, like racehorses or showdogs, they do their work in steel-and-concrete temples, down each side of which are rows of huge 15,000-gallon vats. The air is sickly sweet from the smell of the broth on which the microbes batten. It is vibrant with the roar of rotary agitators which keep the microbes whirling around in the vats (they work best this way). There is the whoosh of compressed air forced into the broth (though the microbes do not breathe, they would die without it).

But producing just what the doctor ordered takes more than miles of pipes and mountains of materials. It also takes the priceless catalysts of knowledge and character. Those ingredients are well compounded in the man who transformed Merck & Co. from a modest company making a conventional line of drugs and other chemicals into a flourishing medical pioneer. He is Merck's Chairman George Wilhelm Herman Emanuel Merck

(“Named after all my uncles, who had to give me silver presents for ten years”).

The Sign of the Angel. When Friedrich Jacob Merck took over a pharmacy called the *Engelapotheke* (“Angel Drugstore”) in the Hessian town of Darmstadt 284 years ago, chemistry was just emerging from the shadows of alchemy. In 1827, the Merck firm started manufacturing; in the next 40 years it achieved the first commercial production of morphine, codeine and cocaine. By 1891 the company was selling so many of its products in North America that a son of the house, 24-year-old George Merck, was sent over to take a closer look at the market.

George Merck liked the country so much that he settled in Manhattan. He was quick to see the immense opportunities for technical industry in this new nation, growing up behind its protective-tariff walls. His U.S. partnership of Merck & Co. bought 150 acres at Rahway, N.J. In 1903 the plant began making much the same line of chemicals and medicinals as its parent firm was making on the other side of the tariff wall.

George Merck had already started the family which was to carry on the U.S. business. He settled with his wife (from a Darmstadt family) in Llewellyn Park, N.J., within a stone's throw of Thomas Alva Edison's home and laboratory. In 1894 his first child (of five) and only son, George, was born.

Young George Merck grew up in the pleasant country demesne of Llewellyn Park, spent his summers sailing in his father's naphtha launch on Lake Hopatcong, traveling abroad or around the U.S. In the Harvard class of 1915, Merck finished his B.A. work a year early, and planned to go to Germany for a doctorate in chemistry. World War I prevented that. His father said: “Come on into the shop. The war will be over in a few

months and then you can go and get your degree.” But as Merck says: “I never did, and I'm still in the shop.”

In the postwar company, young George Merck moved rapidly up to the presidency (1925). His father, only 59, died a year later, and left his 32-year-old son on his own. And so, after a war-entrenched severance from the Darmstadt firm, was the reorganized U.S. company.

The time had come for expansion. Merck & Co. concluded that the way for the U.S. drug industry to expand was through all-out research. It was a proud day for Merck in 1933 when the company's new and enlarged labs (part for pure research, part for applied) were dedicated. It was the right time for labs. Research chemists were already opening four new medical frontiers, and Merck has been among the first to cross all of them:

Vitamins. In 1934, Merck's head of research, Dr. Randolph Major, got a call from Biochemist Robert Runnells Williams. Said Williams: “I've isolated a minute quantity of B₁₂.” Would Merck be interested in supplying him with more of the natural substance, helping to establish its molecular structure, and maybe trying to synthesize it?

Major was interested. For more than a year, tons of rice bran poured into one end of the Merck plant in Rahway and fractions of an ounce of B₁₂ trickled out at the other end. Williams and the Merckmen tackled the job of synthesis, and in 1936 succeeded in making B₁₂ easily and cheaply from simple organic compounds. Merck went into big-scale production. Result: medicine at last had a weapon to vanquish beri-beri.

Suddenly the chemical woods were full of vitamins: vitamin A for healthy eyes; riboflavin (B₂) and nicotinic acid (niacin) to prevent pellagra; ascorbic acid (vitamin C) to prevent scurvy. Merck



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is always of finest quality distilled by Jamaica method used since 1661.

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1 jigger genuine Jamaica Rum,
 1/2 jigger dry Vermouth, plenty
 of cracked ice, stir well.

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produced all these and many more. In no time, U.S. drugstores were selling vitamins in all doses and combinations. The Government encouraged the makers of processed foods, from which vitamins have been taken out, to enrich them by putting the vitamins back. Merck now supplies tons of vitamins a year to enrich the nation's impoverished bread, margarine and breakfast cereals.

In the whole field of vitamins, Merck's greatest triumph, by far, is its most recent. Its chemists extracted the elusive anti-anemia factor from liver in pure form: the ruby-colored crystals of vitamin B₁₂, essential to growth and the most powerful medicinal substance known in nature. One three-millionth of an ounce a day is enough for a healthy man's blood-making factory; one three-millionth checks pernicious anemia.

Sulfas. By the time the vitamin frontier was thickly settled, another frontier was being opened. In 1932 the French broke the secret of a new German drug and published it: a simple substance derived from coal tar would kill the streptococcus germs that often caused fatal infections. The drug was Prontosil; from it came sulfanilamide, first of the modern "wonder drugs" and first of a long line of sulfas. Other companies were the first to find high-powered, patentable variants like sulfamerazine, sulfadiazine, sulfathiazole and sulfaguanidine. Merck chemists got what looked like a dud—sulfaguinoxaline. Never proved safe for human use, it might have been shelved. Then animal tests showed that sulfaguinoxaline is wonderful for protecting chickens against coccidiosis, a deadly parasitic disease. By now, the sulfas have been largely superseded by newer and better drugs (mainly antibiotics) for humans, but so far nobody has found anything better than Merck's sulfas for sick chicks.

Antibiotics. After the sulfas came the antibiotics. No drug was ever launched with more drama than the first and greatest of these—penicillin. As the story is usually told in the drug trade, Merck & Co., missed out on penicillin in the early stages because it concentrated too hard on trying to find a way to synthesize it and got left behind. George Merck explains it differently: "The Government asked us to put up a plant, but insisted that Merck apply for Government money to finance it. I said 'No, that would make it look as if we were lobbying. We won't do it.'"

Other companies did, and got into penicillin faster. But Merck got a head start with the next antibiotic, streptomycin. When Rutgers' Dr. Selman Waksman found that his beloved soil bacteria had made something that killed many germs which penicillin did not affect, he took the culture to Rahway. Though half a dozen companies are making streptomycin today, the best guess is that Merck microbes, in their own temple of vats at Elkhon, Va., make 40% of the U.S. output.

Hormones. Then came cortisone. In 1935, a biochemist at the Mayo Clinic, Edward Calvin Kendall, had isolated a

Tomorrow's Classic



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**Hydra-Matic Super Drive, GM Hydraulic Steering, Autronic-Eye, white sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.*

This is the climax of the "classic" idea in motor cars! This is the car that brings the "ultra-long look" to the convertible field—the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight! Here, for you, is a new measure of grace and glamor and low-poised beauty in an automobile. Interiors are the richest in Oldsmobile history—luxurious leather over deep-foam rubber, sparkling new trim, beautiful new color combinations! Above all, this is a "Rocket" Engine car—powered by Oldsmobile's famous new 160-horsepower engine! Paired with new Hydra-Matic Super Drive*, the "Rocket" brings you a thrilling new kind of action. GM Hydraulic Steering* and the exciting new Autronic-Eye* make driving easier and safer than ever! Drive tomorrow's classic—today!

"ROCKET"

OLDSMOBILE

Ninety-Eight



GEORGE MERCK I
From Darmstadt to Rahway.

hormone similar to those produced by the adrenal glands. But its extraction was painfully complicated; in seven years Kendall could produce only 40 or 50 grams from 120 tons of adrenal glands of cattle. Merck chemists completed the synthesis Merck had begun. Then Merck took on the job of producing enough of the hormone for physicians to test. Merck went all out in what Kendall calls "the most complicated chemical processes ever carried out in a commercial laboratory on a production scale."

On April 30, 1949, the Mayo Clinic's Dr. Philip Hench made his first report on the Merck product, and a new era in medicine opened. Kendall and Hench shared a Nobel Prize for their part in the work; for the first time in his long rheumatic history, man could practically eliminate the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis.

The public, tirelessly hoping for a panacea, suffers an emotional let-down as each new wonder drug in turn proves to have its limitations. Cortisone, which was hailed at first (by laymen) as the cure for arthritis, is the latest exciting disappointment. Since the first chorus of enthusiasm, doctors have learned to handle cortisone warily. It cannot be given to any patients for more than a few weeks or months without the risk of causing other disorders. It will be years before the medical profession knows just how cortisone can best be used. But Merckmen know that cortisone, like its predecessors, is not a goal but a direction marker; they know the road is long, but they believe they are on the right road.

The demand for cortisone, as a treatment if not a cure, is already tremendous. In the Danville plant every few days (just how often is a Merck secret), chemical operators pour 1,500 lbs. of glistening white crystalline bile acid (\$37,500 worth at quoted prices) into a 1,000-gallon still. In the still are hundreds of gallons of a

solvent liquid with which the bile acid goes through its first reaction in its long, tedious process toward cortisone. Within hours this reaction is complete and a precipitant is added, causing Intermediate Compound No. 1 to separate from the solution as a white powder.

From then on, through miles of pipes and batteries of stills and filters, this intermediate and its successors are dissolved and crystallized out, redissolved and reprecipitated, filtered and centrifuged, catalyzed and concentrated, evaporated and distilled, boiled and chilled below zero. These processes go on around the clock, and the bile acid gets no Sundays off.

Months after the charging of the first still, an operator opens the last centrifuge (like a housewife's spin-dryer) at the far end of the 100,000-sq. ft. production area. A label on the wall proclaims: "KE Pure" (KE is Merck's intramural abbreviation for cortisone). The bottom and sides of the centrifuge are thickly coated with a clammy white powder. From the looks of it, it might be talcum or aspirin. But it is far more precious: 35 lbs. of KE pure is enough to make 635,000 tablets of 25 milligrams each, enough to supply more than 300,000 patients for a day on average doses.

This week the first cortisone from the Danville production line, now pressed into tablets and packed 40 to a bottle, was shipped out. And after cortisone, there would soon be hydrocortisone, latest and most potent of this group of hormones. A team of Merck chemists synthesized it after others had thrown up their hands and declared the job impossible. It is as good as cortisone in many ways, better in some. Whatever its final place in medicine, there can be no question of its eventual value in probing the secrets of the human body.

What lies in the still more distant future for Merck & Co.? One of the most forward-looking experiments now under way at Merck is designed to measure fatigue. A laboratory rat is placed in a tank of water, and with each stroke of a foreleg, he sets off a series of complex electronic devices to record his acceleration. From this, Merck scientists hope to learn more about muscular fatigue in general, and how it can be influenced by hormones. Beyond that, neither George Merck nor his 425 scientific and medical researchers can tell, and probably they would not if they could.

Public Trust. At 58, George Merck looks like the priceless catalyst in this whole process that he is. A blond, blue-eyed giant (6 ft. 5 in.) with an easy smile and an exuberant capacity for work (he spends his days, he says, "half at the New York office, half at Rahway, and half at home"), he takes his company's role and reputation with dedicated seriousness. When Merck researchers find a new product, the company gets it on the market as fast as it can, then lowers the price as fast as production will allow. Within a year after Merck first produced cortisone, and before any other competitors were in the field, Merck had sliced its price from

Take a Million!

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... in General
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GROCERY
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1,735,418 LINES



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This was 43.1% of all grocery advertising placed in Chicago daily newspapers. However, this is nothing new. National food manufacturers and retail grocers year after year, as far back as the records go, place the preponderance of their food advertising in the Chicago Daily News.

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SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES



THE MERCKS (WITH DAUGHTER JUDITH) IN VERMONT
"There's always serendipity."

Richard Proff

\$300 to \$50 a gram. It is now down to \$16 wholesale.

Merck sets his own public responsibilities as high as his company's. Before World War II, he served (unpaid) on the Munitions Board's Chemical Advisory Committee. At the height of the war, he also directed all the Government's sprawling research on biological warfare (for which he was later awarded the Medal for Merit). Merck still makes frequent trips to Washington as a consultant to Defense Secretary Lovett. His public-duty commitments range from his local zoning board, his local hospital and state chamber of commerce, to the executive council of the American Cancer Society and the board of visitors of the chemistry and biology departments at Harvard. He was an early Eisenhower backer and a former state treasurer for the New Jersey G.O.P.

But Merck's main interest is still in guiding Merck & Co. Because he regards his company as something in the nature of a public trust, many of Merck's directors are representatives of the public (among them, Dr. Vannevar Bush, wartime head of the nation's research and development program). Says George Merck: "I firmly believe that management should not be in control of the board in a public company, owned by the public and in public service." But George Merck himself has long provided the driving force of Merck & Co. "To get continuity in a company," he says, "you have to have direction from generation to generation." One of the strengths of the Merck name is that its reputation stretches back through almost three centuries without a break.

The Three Princes. Last week after a hurried trip to Washington, George Merck was off to his mountain-top hideaway, Wind Gap Farm, in Rupert, Vt. The 120-acre West Orange estate, Eagle-ridge Farm, where his gardener raises

orchids in a \$100,000 greenhouse, is too close to Rahway and New York City for leisure. In the Green Mountains with his tall, handsome, silver-haired second wife (the former Serena Stevens), he entertains such literary friends as Dorothy Canfield Fisher, John A. Kouwenhoven and John P. Marquand, a Harvard classmate. Here, too, the family tries to get together: two sons (by his first marriage), George (34) and Albert (32), who are learning the family business in Rahway; eldest daughter Serena ("Bambi"), 24; son John, 22; and Judith, 19, who hopes, when school opens, to take up one of her father's interests: conservation.

Conservation is in the Wind Gap air. Merck climbs into his jeep and sets out for a jolting ride over the 2,000 rugged Vermont acres which he is trying to bring back, after a century of neglect, into efficient use as useful farm and forest land. He has supervised the planting of 90,000 evergreens, and would rather swing a brush hook to clear the undergrowth than play golf ("I get too mad at it") or even tennis ("The only game I seem to get better at").

Sitting around his red & white "farmhouse," George Merck has one of his rare chances to philosophize at leisure. Of one thing he is confident: there is more of the unknown ahead than the scientists have left behind. And there is nothing George Merck enjoys more than the thought of unexpected adventures in the offing. "For one thing," he says, "there's always serendipity. Remember the story of the Three Princes of Serendip* who went out looking for treasure? They didn't find what they were looking for, but they kept finding other things just as valuable. That's serendipity, and our business is full of it."

* An old Arab tale which inspired Horace Walpole to add a word to the language in 1754.

A Ring for Carolyn

Carolyn Bigham, 19, was just out of high school when she suffered an attack of meningococcic meningitis—an inflammation of the covering of the brain and spinal cord. The disease left her memory so clouded that she could remember almost nothing of her life. She had to start school all over again in Charlotte, N.C., beginning with the first grade, until finally she could remember enough to graduate from high school again (TIME, July 9, 1951).

During her recovery, Carolyn received hundreds of letters and get-well cards from sympathetic Americans. Among them was a card and a handkerchief from Gwyn Glenn Daniel, 21, an Ardmore, Okla. service-station operator who had read about Carolyn in the papers. Soon they were corresponding regularly, exchanging gifts and photographs. Last spring they met face to face. Said Carolyn: "I had a feeling he would send a ring. I knew I was in love with him." Sure enough, Gwyn sent the ring. Last week after a ceremony in a country church near Charlotte they set off on a honeymoon.

In Los Angeles last week, another memory patient was traveling an even more difficult road. Melvin Eugene Hewitt, 28, injured in a barroom brawl last year, was saved by a quick-thinking doctor who massaged Hewitt's "still" heart for 15 minutes. But he may never recover from the brain damage he suffered. Now living at home with his mother—he has a two-year-old daughter, is separated from his wife—Hewitt lives the life of a dull, 14-year-old boy. Unable to remember events of the present for more than a fleeting moment, he watches boxing on TV ("That's what I want to do when I grow up"), reads, plays the harmonica and guitar, helps a little with the household chores. Doctors offer little hope for further improvement. But, says his confident mother, Mrs. Mabel K. Werrett: "Love can do a lot, you know."



Associated Press
THE GWYN DANIELS
She had a feeling.

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AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY
O. S. GLOW



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Dumping in Denver

Television hit Denver faster than anyone expected—and there was a wild scramble for sets. Station KFEL-TV, not expected to go on the air until the end of summer, began telecasting last month, just one week after its temporary permit was granted by the FCC.

Truckloads of sets arrived from Los Angeles and Chicago; freight cars from New York. Every vacant store in town became a TV outlet; even one funeral home began taking orders and promising quick delivery. Only last week did Denverites catch on that their city was becoming a dumping ground for stuff no other Americans would take.

Denver's new Better Business Bureau went into action. Wholesalers cooperated in the fight against shoddy merchandise. Manufacturers urged people to wait patiently for 1953 models. Said one TV executive wearily: "It's Denver now, but we'll have it all over again in Portland, Spokane and El Paso."

Strongest Station

The world's most powerful TV station began telecasting last week from Huntington, W.Va. WSAZ, the only transmitter in the state, had already pioneered by building its own microwave relay stations to link up with the coaxial cable at Cincinnati. It boosted its power to 84,000 watts by installing a 25-kilowatt amplifier and a special antenna with a "gain" of approximately 3.4 times that number. Phone calls and telegrams showed that the TV image is being received in towns nearly 120 miles away. The station estimates an increase of 30,000 square miles in its reception area, plus some 100,000 new families who are now potential set buyers.

Go In to Win!

"Contest gold has all the lure of pirate gold" is a favorite maxim of Wilmer S. Shepherd, founder of the Shepherd Correspondence School of Contest Technique ("the Harvard of contest schools") in Philadelphia. Last week, Wilmer Shepherd was bubbling with pride because one of his students, Mrs. Beatrice A. Zimmer of Modesto, Calif., had won nylon for life in the Sachet Nylon last-line contest. He claims that in 21 years his students, mostly housewives, have won—through radio & TV, magazines, etc.—more than 40,000 prizes valued at \$3,000,000.

The \$36 Shepherd course consists of 75 highly charged, evangelical lessons ("Go in to win and, to win, go in!"). Lesson Six ("The Big Secret at Last") tells students to relax and "start putting words on paper. Start with the first word that pops into your mind relating to the product. This word will suggest another word. Simply jot them down as they come to you—and keep writing!" Lesson Seven ("Super-Speedway to Stardom") says: "You must select the words that are to be spun into phrases and the phrases to be

spun into entries. You must separate the gold from the copper coins." By Lesson Twelve, students are being coached in such dark mysteries as the use of the "Mystic Three." Says Shepherd: "Even Julius Caesar used a Mystic Three verb cluster when he uttered his famous words: 'I came, I saw, I conquered!'"

Wilmer Shepherd prefers to deal only with what he calls "creative" contests, i.e., slogans, new names, jingles. He won his first contest (\$5 and all the ice cream he could eat) at the age of 12. He didn't enter another until he lost his job in 1930 and needed money. He quickly won a Ford, \$1,000 in cash and \$4,000 in merchandise. Today, his 1,400 students and a bimonthly contest newsletter gross him more than \$75,000 a year.

G.O.P. on Top

Republicans had a victory in New York City, a Democratic stronghold. Researchers of Pulse, Inc. last week reported that the Republican Convention had average New York City ratings of 43% a night compared with only 32% for the Democratic Convention. Pulse suggested three explanations for the flop: 1) a long heat wave that kept people out of doors, 2) baseball competition, 3) the fact that the Republican Convention came first.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, August 15. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Football (Fri. 9:30 p.m., Mutual). College All-Stars v. Los Angeles Rams.

NBC Summer Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). The first U.S. performance of Luigi Dallapiccola's *Concerto for Piano and Chamber Orchestra*.

Theater of the Air (Sat. 8:30 p.m., Mutual). Jessica Tandy in *Vanity Fair*.

The Asia Story (Sun. noon, CBS). A new show dedicated to the Far East. First guest: India's Ambassador B. R. Sen.

Playhouse on Broadway (Sun. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Melvyn Douglas in *Petticoat Fever*.

Best Plays (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Philadelphia Story*, with Myron McCormick, Betty Furness, Joan Alexander.

Horatio Hornblower (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). A new series, starring Michael Redgrave, based on C. S. Forester's hero.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). John Beal in *Double Exposure*.

All Star Summer Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Bert Wheeler, Ella Fitzgerald, Grace Hartman.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Stand-in Bride*, with Vaughn Taylor, Margaret Hayes.

Westinghouse Summer Theater (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Reinhold Schunzel in *One in a Million*.

Suspense (Tues. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Arlene Francis in *Her Last Adventure*.

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What's been needed is a way to take *whole milk*, just as it comes from the cow, and *can it so as to preserve the fresh milk quality and flavor for weeks or months without refrigeration.*

On the basis of the experience that Continental scientists had accumulated in milk processing, they were asked to assist in the operation of a pilot milk-canning plant at the spotless "milking parlor" of a customer. Drawing upon accumulated knowledge, these Continental scientists helped develop a method of canning whole milk that was a success from every standpoint. These results led to the construction of the first full-scale whole-milk canning plant. This plant already has passed its first year of successful operation.

This new canned milk which stays fresh for months at room temperatures is now being shipped to Alaska and South America, and to Army and Navy Installations overseas. Its success is another example of how Continental scientists—by solving problems of processing and packing—help food producers improve the diet of millions of people.

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EDUCATION

Anti-Homusicku

In a classroom at little Claremont (Calif.) College one morning last week, a professor solemnly stood up before his class, threw his coat over his arm and, pretending to be a waiter, started handing out menus. The professor was not trying to be funny. Nor did his students laugh, for they were taking up a highly serious matter: how to order an American lunch.

Such scenes were taking place last week at 17 different U.S. campuses. Claremont was merely typical of a special nationwide orientation program that the State Department has set up. Dismayed by how long it takes for foreign exchange students to adjust to U.S. ways, State began experimenting last year, picked out a series of centers where students could go for indoctrination before moving on to their regular work at the colleges and universities of their choice. This year, with the program put on a permanent basis, 800 students from 52 different countries are now taking part.

Claremont's 38 students present a wide range of problems—from the "homusicku" (homesick) Japanese boy who cannot eat fried eggs, to the Indian who refuses to shower in the nude ("I shall wear my swim suit"). For such students, Claremont found that drills on grammar and pronunciation were beside the point. "In six weeks," says Dean Emmett Thompson, "we've got to give them a complete course in Americana."

Each morning the 38 students get a stiff bout of lectures. They not only master menus ("What kind of pie is this 'assorted'?" asked one student), but also timetables, train tickets, how to tip, how to type. They learn to fox-trot, travel by bus, use a Bendix and electric iron.

As the weeks pass, they will delve deeper into American life. They will study the U.S. education system, U.S. business, what Americans reads. They will hear talks by a labor leader, the president of a manufacturing company, both Republican and Democratic national committeemen. They will also visit a prison farm, a TV station, a county fair, the Hollywood Bowl.

All in all, Claremont thinks, the 38 should be able to get along in the U.S. at the end of the course—and by the time they hit their permanent campuses, there shouldn't be a homusicku one among them.

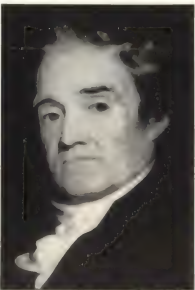
"I Didn't Do Nothing"

Dickens used *like* as a conjunction; Winston Churchill says "This is *me*"; and authors from Shakespeare to Shaw have followed *everyone* with a *they*. Meredith wrote "Who has he come for?" and Dryden said "these kind of thoughts." Byron was forever using *don't* with a singular subject ("She will come round—mind if she don't"), and Lytton Strachey apparently never mastered the difference between *lie* and *lav*.

Unfortunately, says Professor Thomas Pyles of the University of Florida, the

average educated American has mastered the rules of grammar, and his speech is "frequently dry, dull, tedious, overprecise..." In a new book called *Words and Ways of American English* (Random House; \$3.50), Pyles argues that American speech is much too prissy. It long ago shunned the rough & tumble language of the farm, and it also discarded the "careless elegance" of the 18th century drawing room. Instead it adopted "the tortured precision prescribed by the grammarians who served as arbiters of language for the 'new men' created by the Industrial Revolution—the sons of the bourgeoisie... who needed a linguistic Emily Post..."

To a certain degree, says Pyles, this was true of Britain. But America, "with



Associated Press

NOAH WEBSTER
It would have been necessary
to invent him.

its ideologically classless society and its idealistically highfalutin notions of equality, was particularly receptive to such ideas. One of the implications of prescriptive grammar is that anyone may talk and write as well as anyone else provided he follows the prescriptions laid down by the authority. Good usage was no longer the prerogative of a hereditary aristocracy; the grammarians had put it within the reach of every man."

In their desire for democratic uniformity, even the republic's most eminent men approached prissiness. Franklin crusaded against such verb forms as *to notice*, *opposed to*, *to progress* and *to advocate*. Editor William Cullen Bryant forbade his reporters to use *lengthy*, *presidential*, and *to legislate*. Meanwhile, John Adams proposed a national institution to provide "a public standard for all persons... to appeal to." The institution that the nation eventually got was Noah Webster.

"If Noah Webster had not been born,"

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says Pyles, "we should have had to invent him," for he became the very symbol of the new schoolmarm tradition. "He thought of himself, with uncharacteristic modesty, as the Prompter, 'the man who . . . sits behind the scenes, looks over the rehearsal, and with a moderate voice corrects him when wrong . . .'" More than any other single person, he shaped the course of American English, for he supplied us with the schoolmaster's authority which we needed for linguistic self-confidence.

With Webster's spellers and dictionaries, the reign of "purity by prescription" began. On a completely arbitrary appeal to logic, the vigorous "I didn't do nothing" gave way to the weaker "I didn't do anything."

Bella & the Union

Mrs. Bella V. Dodd is a fiery, black-haired lawyer who once taught political science at Manhattan's Hunter College. She helped found the stridently left-wing New York Teachers' Union, in 1944 openly joined the Communist Party. To the *Daily Worker*, she was "tops, A-1 in party circles," was even elevated to the national committee of the Communist Party. Then, in 1949, her career suddenly fell apart. The party expelled her for "fascist and anti-working-class activity." One of her former colleagues spat in her face.

Last week Bella Dodd announced that after months of instruction from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, she had been baptized conditionally and returned to the Roman Catholic Church. She also had a warning for New Yorkers: her old teachers' union is riddled with Reds.

In 1944 she knew of some 1,000 dues-paying party members, though "not all of them were genuine, hard-bitten Communists. I am convinced that most of them would resign if they were not afraid—afraid of being vilified and smeared by the party and its agents." But genuine or not, says Mrs. Dodd, they serve the Communist conspiracy and should therefore be dismissed.

Report Card

¶ Cornell had a distinguished visitor last week—Oxford University Don David Butler, who calls himself the world's first psephologist. That, says he, is a man who specializes in the study of elections; the word comes from the Greek for pebble ("You know how they used to hold their elections by dropping pebbles in a box"). Psephologist Butler admitted that the coinage was a joke, "but for all I know, the word may some day catch on."

¶ After studying the origins of more than 650 colleges and universities, Professor Albert Keiser tells in a new book (*College Names*; Bookman Associates, \$3) just what sorts of people get immortalized in the names of campuses. Top scorers: saints, bishops and religious leaders (250), benefactors (150), statesmen and sovereigns (50). Among the least likely to succeed: writers, with only two (Poet Laureate Dunbar and Novelist Harriet Beecher Stowe).



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Maybe you remember when a dictating machine was a heavy piece of equipment that *stayed* in the office. Not anymore! Today it's a lightweight traveling secretary that goes everywhere and is no more bother than a briefcase.

To achieve this desired combination of durability and maximum lightness, office equipment manufacturers are making extensive use of magnesium castings, with the result that today's machines can incorporate several new features and still weigh appreciably less than previous models.

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Jingle of the Week

Over Manhattan's station WNEU, boasting a current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art:

*Hee hee hee, haw haw haw, ho ho ho
ho ho.
That's the way that people laughed at
Rembrandt, years ago;
His art was new, his style was too,
My that's sad, but oh so true;
People they just laughed—hee hee,
ho ho,
'Cause they didn't know what else to do.
So when you look at modern art, don't
laugh with consternation;
Just look awhile and maybe you'll smile,
a smile filled with admiration.*

Chester Buys a Bust

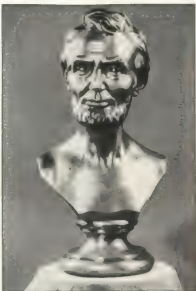
On his regular rounds through Meriden, Conn. one day last year, Junk Dealer Chester Orsini, 29, stopped by to do business at the home of Barber John Cantarini, who was just moving out of his house. Orsini plunked down \$10 for a heap of rags and old mattresses; then he noticed a 14-inch bronze bust of Lincoln sitting on the family trash heap. Orsini took a fancy to it, bought it for \$2 and took it home to decorate his television set. But when he noticed the name stamped on the back, he showed it to a local dentist who had bought some old oil paintings from him before.

The dentist took one look and offered Orsini \$100 for his find. The name on the bust was Franklin Simmons, a New England sculptor who had done statues from life of such contemporary heroes as Generals Grant and Sherman and Admiral Farragut. Orsini declined the offer and started checking with museums and with Simmons' niece. He soon discovered that if the Lincoln bust had been done from life, it might be worth \$15,000 or more. Orsini dug into his savings for a ticket to Chicago, where he deposited the bust in a bank, hired a lawyer and began hunting for more authentication in the Lincoln country.

This week he was still hunting, and still waiting for his \$2 bust to turn into a multithousand-dollar bonanza. So far, no buyer has made a solid offer. But Barber John Cantarini is taking no chances: after threatening court action on the ground that his wife had sold the bust without his consent, he got Orsini's agreement to an even split.

Rich Man's Architect

Architect-Designer Paul László, 52, is a comfort-loving Hungarian expatriate who arrived in the U.S. 16 years ago with \$300 in his pocket and a one-word vocabulary: okay. Since then he has enormously expanded both. By catering to the comfort of his rich clients, he has built up a \$1,500,000-a-year business as designer of some of the nation's most luxurious showplaces. And in his fancy Beverly Hills



SIMMONS' LINCOLN
From trash to cash.

showroom last week, he was volubly admiring the first samples of his latest commission: \$1,000,000 worth of modern furniture to be manufactured in Europe.

Architect László designs his houses down to the last ashtray or built-in Kleenex holder. He protests that money is not everything: "One million dollars will not build the perfect house. You somehow can't put everything you want into it. It's largely a matter of taste, judgment and talent." But money helps.

Among his fanciest projects: the million-dollar Wichita Falls palace of Texas Oilman Charles McGaha (built in collabora-



OILMAN MCGAHA
Fountains of champagne.

oration with Architect Allen Siple), which includes a horseshoe-shaped swimming pool, Lucite-legged chairs, hand-painted draperies, and a radio-controlled main gate;* and Movie Producer William Perlberg's cozier (\$250,000) ramblar, with swimming pool, projection room, Lucite wastebaskets and hip-high combination shelf and hearthstone. Other László clients: Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, Freeman (Amos 'n' Andy) Gosden, Barbara Hutton, Sonja Henie, Hollywood Director William Wyler.

Like most modern architects, László makes full use of uncluttered space and free access to the outdoors. His aim: simplicity with elegance. "Warmth in luxury," he says, "is easy. But it is full of pitfalls. You can overbalance a house with the furnishings. . . . Today's modern furniture is mostly glamorized boxes. Furniture must help balance a home. . . . It should so blend with the wallpaper and contours of the room that it does not annoy. . . ."

It is this "idea of balance," says László, that distinguishes him from most modern architects. And too few of them pay enough attention to the house owner. Building a house, says László, "is like giving birth to a baby. The client is the mother, and I am the father."

In the Corn, Not Much

German art has not yet recovered from Hitler's Third Reich. The fourth annual exhibition at Munich's "Corn Palace"† last week told the story. There were 974 exhibits by 387 artists (mostly living in Bavaria). But in all the confusion of forms and styles, the only common purpose seemed to be a preoccupation with picking up right where they left off before the Nazis destroyed their paintings.

The most obvious links to the past were provided by such oldtimers as Karl Hofer, 74, dean of the German expressionists, still painting his slab-faced people. The abstractionists and surrealists showed more vigor and inventiveness, but nothing to compare with the explosive stuff of postwar France and Italy. Among the best of them: Old Surrealist (59) Edgar Ende's *The Organ and Deserted Shop*, both stark and enlivened by bold strokes of coral, cerise, blue.

Officials looked forward to a big attendance, more than 70,000, and profitable sales. But none of the artists was optimistic about the future of German art itself. Said one old impressionist: "Right after the war we breathed a great sigh of relief. . . . We all said to ourselves that there would surely be something revolutionary hidden away in somebody's desk drawer. . . . Then we realized there was nothing. . . ."

* For his two-day housewarming in 1950, Oilman McGaha flew in 2,000 guests, set up seven bars, including two champagne fountains, plumed 1,000 orchids to the trees on the estate.

† Real name: *Haus der Kunst*. Anti-Nazi artists coined the derisive nickname when Hitler filled the hall with his own approved brand of naturalistic art.



JAN STEEN'S 'THE PHYSICIANS' VISIT' (IN WELLINGTON COLLECTION)

TREASURE HOUSE Apsey House, since 1817 the stately London home of seven successive Dukes of Wellington, has just been opened as a public art museum. "The days of very hasty London houses are over," was the present duke's simple explanation for giving it to the government.

Wish the house, at Hyde Park Corner, went the fine treasures and household treasures which English gentlemen fought & died for, and lived with, in the early 19th century's "Age of Elegance." Included in the Wellington collection: silver table services and snuffboxes, jeweled swords and marshals' batons, rare tapestries and furnishings, paintings by such masters as Velázquez, Rubens, Correggio, Van Dyck, Jan Steen—and Goya's great equestrian portrait of the first duke, painted in Madrid after the city's

liberation in 1812. Many of these came off of capitulate from the Emperor of Austria, the King of Spain, Prussia and Saxony, and the Princess of Battenberg to the man who ended Napoleon's reign of Europe.

That man, the first Duke of Wellington, began life as Arthur Wellesley, youngest son of an Irish peer. At Eton he was awkward, lonely, but who played the violin and dreamed of growing up to work in a bank. Instead he became one of history's greatest generals, everlastingly famed for defeating Napoleon at Waterloo. Wellington was also something of a connoisseur, who kept a close eye on Paris' auction galleries. In the three years after Waterloo, he picked up four canvases by one of his special favorites, Jan Steen, a 17th century Dutch genre painter. He paid 1,400 francs for the choice item shown above.

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SCIENCE

Terrifying (British?) Gas

When the Nazis invaded the Low Countries, there were terrible rumors of a German "nerve gas." Well-equipped soldiers, so the stories went, turned submissive, and whole companies died like flies. No such weapon was ever used, but Hitler's propagandists frightened a lot of people with the rumors.

Last week a carefully worded announcement, authorized by Sir Harry Garner, chief scientist of the British Ministry of Supply, seemed to say that Britain—and



Seutephoto—Eurobeat
SIR HARRY GARNER
He seemed to say,

perhaps her enemies—now has a nerve gas after all. Practically odorless and invisible; it irritates neither eyes, skin nor respiratory tract in time for warning. A drop of the liquid in the eye or a few whiffs can be fatal. Clothing is no protection, and victims die of suffocation a half-hour after the compound touches bare skin. Prompt use of atropine and artificial respiration is the best treatment.

Was the announcement meant to warn foreign embassies as well as inform British doctors? A ministry spokesman would only say, "It's well for people to know that we're prepared."

Negroes Are Newest

Speaking at, of all places, South Africa's Rodeoport Rotary Club luncheon last week, a white anthropologist told his all-white audience that Negroes are the most advanced type of human. "If you can swallow it, the Negro is the true human," declared Dr. Mervyn David Waldegrave Jeffreys. "Man's common ancestor was dark-skinned . . . You," Jeffreys assured his astonished listeners, "are just bleached specimens of original, dark-skinned primitive man . . . While we [whites] were

still dark-skinned, the Negro sprang from our dark ancestor. He is the newest species of man . . ."

To defend his thesis, Anthropologist Jeffreys noted some anthropological facts: ¶ Gorillas have very thin lips; whites' lips are thicker; Negro lips are thick.

¶ Gorillas and whites have abundant hair emerging straight from their bodies; Negroes have little body hair, and what there is grows obliquely.

¶ Whites are thick-skulled, with heavy bones resembling those of early mammals; Negroes have thin skulls, slender bones.

Dr. Jeffreys pointed out that the white man's heart is typically mammalian, with two arteries. Many Negroes have a third large artery supplying the wall of the left ventricle. Better coronary circulation, he feels, explains why Negroes rarely suffer from angina pectoris.

Was the doctor merely pulling the legs of South Africa's Negrophobes? Said he: "I am perfectly serious . . ."

Water Clock

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO Research Institute requires 30 gal. samples of city of Chicago water at least five yrs. and not more than 20 yrs. old. Phone Midway 3-0800, Ext. 2502, or write 5604 Ellis-ave.

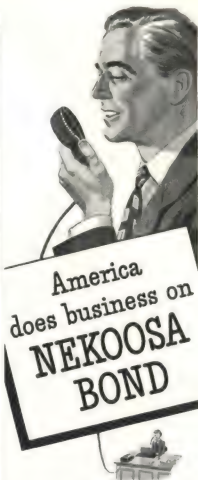
For three days the classified ad ran in Chicago newspapers. It brought in 110 gallons of stale water. A Decatur cistern was tapped for a 29-year-old sample. The water heater of a high-school teacher in Oak Park yielded 30 gallons between five and twelve years old. An undertaker emptied his fire extinguisher and a grocer drained the soda pop cooler he had not cleaned for five years.

The bizarre call for water is part of an experiment being carried on by Chemistry Professor Willard F. Libby. He hopes to develop an atomic time scale for water samples similar to the radioactive carbon 14 calendar, which measures the age of prehistoric relics (TIME, June 2).

Chemist Libby's water clock will be based on the same principle as the carbon 14 calendar. Some ten miles high, in the stratosphere, cosmic rays stream in from outer space. With far more force than an atom-smasher, the cosmic rays collide with nitrogen atoms. The crash produces hydrogen, carbon 14 and a minute amount of radioactive tritium. The atoms of cosmic tritium join molecules of water vapor and fall to the earth in snow and rain.

Tritium has a half-life of 12½ years, i.e., half its radioactivity is dissipated in that time. "If our calculations are correct," says Chemist Libby, "then water 12½ years old should be only half as radioactive as new rainwater or snow."

When he has collected enough samples to calibrate his time clock, Chemist Libby will be able to answer some tough questions. Example: Is it true, as oceanographers believe, that there is no mixing of new water on the sea's surface and "old" brine below 700 feet?



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THE PRESS

Local Story

Even headline-hardened readers of Hearst's Los Angeles *Herald & Express* (circ. 305,056) were astonished last week by the seven-column streamer: **LINK MARGARET TRUMAN-ADLAI IN ROMANCE.** Underneath the headline were pictures of the couple that "may walk down the aisle together." Said the story:

"Hottest and most romantic rumor in California political circles today was that Governor Adlai Stevenson and Margaret Truman may make a trip to the altar—together. Political gossips point out that the Democratic presidential nominee was almost unknown until Margaret's papa, President Truman, lifted him from com-

The War of the Roses

One month before their divorce case could reach the comparative dignity of the courts, Billy Rose and Eleanor Holm began throwing mudpie bulletins at one another in public.* Last week their latest volley of press releases gave Manhattan's joyful tabloids the best copy of the whole hot summer. Billy Rose himself, the unco-smart little bashaw of Broadway, called it "trial by newspaper."

It's a Phony! The first mudpie was hurled by an old friend of the family, Dorothy Wesley Bernie, widow of Ben ("The Old Maestro") Bernie and matron of honor at the Rose wedding 13 years ago. In California she filed a suit for

property by filing her charge against him.

The fact was, said Billy, that "it was only after the case got into the newspapers and [Eleanor] filed 150 pages of affidavits charging me with everything from smuggling Chinamen to raising marijuana on my window sill that I decided to take a look at the pretty pot that was calling the kettle black... I refuse to get bitter about [Eleanor], and I never suspected any extracurricular activity on the part of my wife. But her behavior was enough to make a strong man weep. My marriage ended seven years ago." (He was locked out of their house in October.) Since then, he said, "she has been my wife in name only." Billy recalled that he offered her a "generous" cash settlement and "an equally generous sum of alimony," even though it was less than the temporary \$700 a week she is getting now by court order.

He's a Tightwad! Next day Eleanor heaved an answering pie, a press release given out by the office of her lawyer, Louis Nizer.* Said Eleanor: "Those who have dealt with Mr. Rose throughout the years well know whether it is his clenched fist on a dollar or my alleged avarice which is responsible for the impasse... If he wants to find his real enemy, he need only look in the mirror... His present offer not to use his fraudulent affidavit, which has already been filed and communicated to all sorts of people, is like the act of a man who shoots somebody and then is willing to throw away the gun."

She also reminded the public what a faithful wife she had been during Rose's trouble with Showgirl Joyce Mathews. "When Billy called me because he was in trouble when the police found Joyce Mathews in his penthouse trying to commit suicide, I rushed to him and protected him." At the time, Rose had told his public: "Now is the time to have a wife." Eleanor now charges that he had "later betrayed me again and again."

Meanwhile, Hearst's *Journal-American* interviewed Mrs. Bernie by phone and broke out an "exclusive": **BERNIE WIDOW CALLS ROSE'S STORY 'LIES.'** Mrs. Bernie, said the *Journal*, wanted to remind Billy of his days as a syndicated columnist. Then Eleanor was the model of a faithful wife and often the star of his column. "Billy knows as well as I do that Eleanor is a fine girl. She was a wonderful wife and he told everybody how great she was. He wrote it in his columns... and he knows she is still the same girl."

To this, Rose mockingly turned the other cheek. Said he: "Let's make everybody happy. I fully concede that Eleanor is the finest woman since Florence Nightingale; that Wes Bernie is a road-company Joan of Arc; that Louis Nizer, Eleanor's attorney, is president of the Sweet Fellows Club; that Alberta Jones has astigmatism, and it must have been three other people. And finally that Billy



THE ROSES PLAYING CARDS AT MIAMI (1942)
Now they're throwing mudpies.

United Press

parative obscurity and let it be known that he favored Stevenson.

"And the President fought so hard for Stevenson, observers declare, that he must have had a stronger reason than pure politics. They also point out that the Illinois governor is highly eligible, since both he and his ex-wife have firmly stated that no reconciliation can be expected, and that Miss Truman has emphasized she will never marry as long as her father is in the White House..."

The *Herex* had good reason not to identify the source of its story. The paper had rewritten an item it picked up from an irresponsible, hate-Stevenson California newsletter with a tiny circulation. Had the *Herex* bothered to check the "gossip"? "Certainly," answered City Editor Aggie Underwood, "we phoned two or three local Democratic leaders. They just hummed and said that it was interesting." As to why no other papers in or out of the Hearst chain picked up the item, Editor Underwood had a pat explanation. Said she: "It was a purely local story."

criminal libel against Billy, and swore out a warrant for his arrest if he ever set foot in the state. Her charge: Rose was passing around an affidavit from her onetime Negro maid, Alberta Jones, that contained obscene, "horrible lies" about sex orgies that supposedly took place in Mrs. Bernie's home and involved her, Eleanor, and an unidentified girl called "Trudy." The affidavit, said Mrs. Bernie, was a phony; furthermore, Rose had bribed the maid to get it.

Showman Rose forthwith called a press conference in his plush office overlooking the stage of the Ziegfeld Theater. More than 20 newsmen responded. Billy opened by saying he was "stunned and bewildered." He had never intended to make that dirty affidavit public, he said, because he knew he could win his case without those "obscenities." It was Mrs. Bernie who had made the affidavit public

* Rose is suing for divorce on grounds of adultery. Eleanor, former Olympic swimming star, is suing for a separation.

* Who last week won a \$2,000,000 settlement for the former wife of Tobacco Heir Richard J. Reynolds (see PEOPLE).

Rose has horns and hooves and ought to be ground up for hamburger."

Cut-Rate Seamstresses! Then, as if prompted by Mrs. Bernie's reminder of his columnar days, Billy Rose sat down to write the best column of his life, and it was given free to all newspapers as follows:

"I see by the papers that Eleanor is accusing me of being a tightwad. She is absolutely right. Compared to me, Scrooge was a philanthropist. For instance, throughout our marriage we lived in a five-story town house on Beekman Place, with only one lousy elevator. The furniture was secondhand stuff—designed by Chippendale and other 18th century English carpenters. The old Crown Derby plates she ate off had occasional cracks, and the antique Paul Storr silver was once slobbered in by King George III. The pictures on the walls were horrors—the work of hacks like Rembrandt, Hals, Velásquez and Renoir.

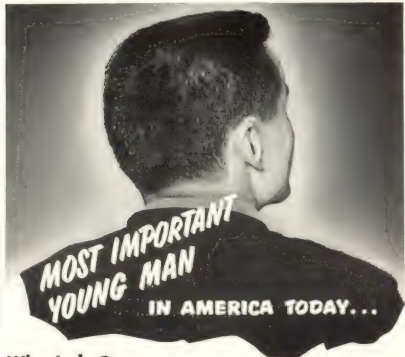
"During the summer I made her rough it in a 30-room shack in Mt. Kisco. This estate had only one swimming pool, only one tennis court, and a private movie theater with only one operator. On our private golf range, Eleanor had to play with repainted balls. When it came to servants I really put my foot down. I refused to hire more than one butler, one cook and three maids. What's even worse, Eleanor had only one personal maid and one personal laundress. She got only \$17,000 pocket money a year . . . Her clothes were mostly rags stitched together by cut-rate seamstresses like Hattie Carnegie and Valentina . . . She had only 113 pairs of shoes, 41 sweaters, and eleven ratty-looking fur coats. At no time did I ever buy her an \$80,000 sable.

"When it came to jewelry, it was all last season's stuff—92 different pieces which contained somewhat less than 200 carats of blue-white diamonds. When she asked me to buy the Hope diamond, I touted her off by telling her it was bad luck . . . When we split up, she was virtually destitute—\$163,000 in cash and Government bonds. It's plain as the price tag on a Tiffany necklace that Eleanor is right when she labels me a tightwad. We'd probably still be together if I had made some decent gesture like putting the Taj Mahal on ball bearings and rolling it into New York."

One Editor Missing

In a TV discussion program called *Starring the Editors*, one of the stars has been James A. Wechsler, 36-year-old editor of the *Fair Dealing New York Post*. But last week when the weekly program was telecast, Editor Wechsler was missing. He had been tossed off the panel of editors, presided over by *Christian Science Monitor* Editor Erwin ("Spike") Canham, by the Grand Union grocery chain, the sponsor. The reason the grocerymen gave Wechsler was that he had become a "controversial" figure.

The controversy began three weeks ago when Wechsler appeared at a pretrial hearing in a \$1,000,000 libel suit filed



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against the *Post* by Editor Jack Lait of Hearst's New York *Mirror* and Nightclub Columnist Lee Mortimer. They charged that they were libeled in the *Post's* review of their book, *U.S.A. Confidential* (TIME, May 26). At the hearing, Wechsler testified to some personal history that had already been widely publicized: at 18, when he was an undergraduate at Columbia University, he joined the Young Communist League and quit 3½ years later. Wechsler has never concealed that part of his past, has made up for it by vigorously fighting Communism ever since.

The day after the hearing, the New York *Journal-American* ran a Page One story headlined: **POST EDITOR ADMITS HE WAS YOUNG RED, WECHSLER TIES BARED.** The story carried no byline, but it was written by Hearst Reporter Howard Rushmore, who until 1940 was a member of the Communist Party himself and a staffer on the *Daily Worker*.

When Grand Union heard about the story, it ordered Wechsler banned from future programs, refused to discuss the matter with him. But last week other members of the panel had plenty to say. One of them was Alicia Patterson, publisher of Long Island's *Newsday* (circ. 138,957), daughter of the late great New York *Daily Newsman*, Joe Patterson, and kin of the Chicago *Tribune*. She refused to appear on the program unless she was allowed to condemn Grand Union's action over TV. There she said: "A dreadful mistake . . . I rarely agree with the opinions of the *Post*, [but] I think it is most shameful to have banned [Wechsler] because at the age of 18 he happened to have belonged to a young Communist group."

Other panel members joined in. Edward P. Doyle, news editor of the *Journal-American*, which had touched off the row, said that he agreed entirely with Alicia Patterson. Editor Canham later pointed out that he had "argued every day for a week" to prevent Wechsler from being kicked off. But Canham did not feel strongly enough to resign as moderator, since he thinks that "the case is not as clear-cut as it might be, and I'm not sure the sponsor does not have some rights." To most newsmen, however, it was clear-cut: a clear-cut example of how not to fight Communism. Wrote New York *Times* Radio & TV Editor Jack Gould: "Particularly disturbing is the company's refusal to discuss Mr. Wechsler's dismissal . . . Instead of curbing Communism, [the ban] is helping it. For under the vicious credo of 'controversiality,' one of the most articulate voices speaking out against Communism has been silenced on a TV program."

The Ridders Buy Again

The Ridder family, which bought the morning and evening papers in San Jose, Calif. only two weeks ago (TIME, Aug. 4), last week purchased two more California dailies. For an undisclosed amount, the Ridders took over Long Beach's morning *Independent* (circ. 48,100) and evening *Press-Telegram* (95,833). The Ridders now have twelve dailies.



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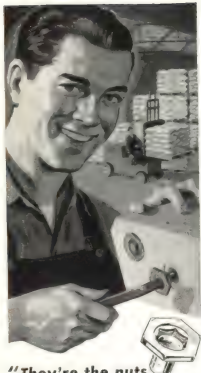
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RELIGION

For Hindus Only

At a jungle shrine in Ceylon last week, a group of local *sadhus* celebrated a rite of Hindu holy men: walking barefoot over a bed of glowing coals. To the Rev. Eric Robinson, a British Methodist missionary, it was the opportunity he had long been waiting for. Pulling off his shoes and socks, he stepped on the coals, walked the length of the burning pit himself. The doctor's verdict: severe burns on the feet, which confined Missionary Robinson to his bed for a week.

The Theology of Saucers

If a flying saucer swooped down to earth some day and disgorged a crew of bulbous-eyed Martians, Christian theologians might have to do some fast explaining. The Bible does not mention the existence of any inhabited worlds other than earth. Last week Father Francis J. Connell, C.Ss.R., dean of Catholic University's School of Sacred Theology, decided that the time had come to summarize his church's position on the question of invaders from outer space. "It is well for Catholics to know," he said, "that the principles of their faith are entirely reconcilable with even the most astounding possibilities regarding life on other planets... Theologians have never dared to limit the omnipotence of God to the creation of the world we know."

Theologically speaking, there are four principal classes into which outer-space dwellers might fall: 1) they might have received, like earthmen, a supernatural destiny from God, might even have lost it and been redeemed; 2) God could have created them with a natural but eternal destiny, i.e., like infants who die unbaptized, they could live a life of natural happiness after death, without beholding God face to face; 3) they might be rational beings who sinned against God but were never given the chance to regain grace, like evil angels of the Fall; or 4) they might have received supernatural gifts and kept them, leading the paradisaical existence of Adam & Eve before they ate the forbidden fruit.

Father Connell added a practical point: "If these supposed rational beings should possess the immortality of body once enjoyed by Adam & Eve, it would be foolish for our superjet or rocket pilots to try to shoot them. They would be unkillable."

The Vision Children

As good Bavarian Catholics, Gretl Gugel and Antonie Saam, both 11, and ten-year-old Marie Heilmann were much inspired by the movie *The Song of Bernadette*. They talked about the miraculous appearance of the Virgin at Lourdes as they walked home to the small village of Heroldsbach (pop. 1,100) where they lived. Suddenly one of them let out a scream. As they described it later, first she, then the others, saw a light and a vision of the Virgin. "Mother Mary came

to us," they told their parents when they got home.

Heroldsbach's pious farmers believed them. Led by Father Johannes Gailer, 65, the village pastor, they marched to the hillside spot the children described. A few days later, two other children ran home to describe similar visions. Soon people from neighboring towns began flocking to the new holy place.

Within six months Heroldsbach was famous. Pious sightseers (more than 1,500,000 in two years) poured in by the thousands in buses and special trains. Ornate shrines sprouted on the hillside. Pilgrims carrying crosses made daily processions through the town. As the crowds



Religious News Serv.

PADRE PIO

Devout, humble and stigmatic.

got bigger, the children added to their visions.

Soon they could see Christ and a galaxy of saints on a very clear night. The hillside was equipped with floodlights, and a public address system was installed to broadcast reports of the visions to the waiting crowds. Pilgrims contributed heavily to the shrines and other local improvements urged by the "vision children" on instructions which the Virgin passed on to them. Packed bins and crowded souvenir shops lifted Heroldsbach's 1,100 inhabitants to a wild zenith of prosperity.

An investigating committee sent from Bamberg by Archbishop Joseph Otto Korn had some harsher things to say about the "vision children," whose stories were multiplied and contradictory. The latest vision child, 17-year-old Hildegard Lang, had even scheduled her daily visions promptly at 3, 5 and 7... In May 1950, the archbishop declared that the visions were supernatural and forbade Catholics to participate in the hillside rites.

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easily convinced. When a priest from Bamberg read a papal condemnation of the visions from Heroldsbach's pulpit, he was shouted down by the villagers. The church proceeded slowly against the visionists. But when they kept organizing processions, the archbishop excommunicated 22 of the leaders.

Last week the law stepped in. A German civil court brought ten prominent visionists to trial, charged them with extracting contributions under false pretenses. A court order authorized police to destroy the hillside shrines for violations of the building code.

In Rome, the church considered a case quite the opposite of the Heroldsbach visions. Since 1918, a quiet Capuchin friar, Padre Pio, has exhibited the stigmata, i.e., bleeding from the side, hands and feet in the same spots where Christ was wounded on the Cross (TIME, Dec. 19, 1949). Doctors have examined him and found the open wounds beyond medical explanation. Throngs of pilgrims come every year to make their confessions to Padre Pio and to receive his blessing. A devout and humble man, living quietly in a monastery in southern Italy, he has helped thousands on their spiritual journey. Yet the church continually cautions that he is not to be regarded as a saint. Last week the Congregation of the Holy Office put eight books written about Padre Pio on the church's Index of Forbidden Books. Reason: they attributed unverified miraculous powers to a man still living.

Quaker Shame

At the third World Conference of Friends, held last week in Oxford, England, U.S. Quakers apologized to their foreign brethren for possessing so large a share of the divine bounty. Friend Philip E. Jacob of Swarthmore, Pa. asked the conference to express "a sense of shame at the concentration of power and wealth in America."

Down with Gadgetry

Taking note of the flourishing increase in such religious gadgets as electric vigil lights and mechanical rosary clickers, the *Indiana Catholic* and *Record* last week waxed satirical:

"The rosary clicker is as yet a primitive machine which must be worked by hand; the possibilities of electrifying its action, amplifying the clicks, inserting Hydrumatic shift between the decades and possibly embellishing it with a cigar lighter modeled into the image of a favorite saint, these open wide if appalling vistas to the religious gadgeteer... The wedding of piety and jewelry... with St. Christopher money clips, St. Anthony key chains, Miraculous Medal bracelets, etc., may have something to recommend it, but we have to see what it is."

Then, speaking bluntly, the paper said: "If all the religious gadgets and novel devices that are marketed today were left on the market, we do not think piety would suffer one bit, though commerce might."

Artist: W. H. Allmar



THE LIMITS OF LIBERTY

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(Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, 1789)

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SPORT

Inevitable Confusion

When Rumania held her Olympic trials in the silhouette target-shooting event, crack Pistolman Panait Calcai scored twelve points over the official world record. At Helsinki, Calcai did not shoot as well, placed sixth behind Hungary's winning Karoly Takacs (TIME, Aug. 11).

One evening last week, on Helsinki's main business street, the Aleksanterinkatu, the Rumanian marksman showed why his mind may not have been on his targets. As a West German newspaperman watched, Calcai rushed from a shop where his Communist guard was buying some bananas. The newsman took him in tow. That night Calcai stayed at the home of the business manager of one of Finland's top liberal dailies. Then he dropped out of sight.

The manager of Rumania's Olympic team blandly explained that Calcai was reluctant to go back because he had embezzled 50,000 Finnish marks (\$216.45). Probably a lie.

In Washington, Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, a longtime sport fan, suggested to International Olympic Association President Avery Brundage that he invite two other Communist-country athletes to come West. He became ecstatic in his desire to "lift the Iron Curtain enough" to bring Czechoslovakia's fabulous triple gold medalist, Distance Runner Emil Zatopek, and his javelin champion wife, Ingrova, to the U.S. for a barnstorming tour. Said Sawyer: "It might be the beginning of a new program for mankind . . . the first step toward a permanent peace . . . It appears difficult to work it out in the area of politics and armies. It might be easier to begin to work it out in the area of sport." Obviously nonsense.

Paris' Communist *L'Humanité*, chagrined over France's bad showing (eighth place) in the Olympics, found an alibi. After scanning the French team roster, it discovered that capitalist weaklings had gummed the works in Helsinki. *L'Humanité's* excuse for France's flop: "Of 275 team members . . . there were only 28 workers and four peasants." Undoubtedly the correct Commie line.

On Lake Washington

The Gold Cup race, for the world's fastest hydroplanes, is supposed to end in a triumph of one boat over the others. Last week's race almost ended in a triumph of all the boats over the men who built or drove them. As the six big hydroplanes jockeyed and circled, awaiting the start of the first of three 30-mile heats, some 250,000 fans on the shores of Seattle's Lake Washington confidently cheered the two local entries—Stanley Sayre's *Slo-mo-skun V* and his *Slo-mo-skun IV*, setter of the world one-mile speed record of 178.497 m.p.h. (TIME, July 14).

The cheerers were silent with dismay when the first heat ended. Soon after

Miss Great Lakes II conked out for good with a cracked gear box, *Slo-mo IV* lost a propeller and also dropped out. On the sixth 3-mile lap, *Slo-mo V* Driver Lou Fageol knew his boat was a goner: water spewing ominously from the exhaust meant that a cylinder had blown. Detroit's *Miss Pepsi* won the heat at a speed of 101.0242 m.p.h. In the fastest boat race of all time.*

In the pits, while mechanics hastily switched a propeller to *Slo-mo IV* from her sister boat, one grease-monkey advised handsome *Slo-mo IV* Driver Stanley (Dollar Steamship Line) Dollar: "Remember, the lead is everything." Dollar roared out to challenge *Miss Pepsi* for the front spot. Suddenly the trailing *Such Crust IV*, a carbon copy of the *Slo-mo*s, exploded in a flash of brilliant orange flame. A Coast Guardsman dived in and rescued her driver. "Wild Bill" Cantrell, who was severely burned. Then *Miss Pepsi*, by now the hot favorite and in a slim

lay down his obsolete weapon, take up a rifle and waddle to a platform erected in the forest. There, he would wait for his beaters to maneuver deer within near-pointblank range. Out among the trees, deep-throated horns would toot calls signaling each stage of the hunt (the sighting of a stag, the shot, the finding of the carcass). Because he sometimes killed half a dozen stags at a single sitting, trigger-happy Hermann was privately referred to by hunters as "the Reich's Slaughter Master."

Göring and his theatrics are gone, but the traditions and rituals of Germany's "noblest" sport have survived. Last week, at the height of the *Blattzeit* (roe deer mating season), hundreds of hunters trod through West Germany's deer country. Few could afford Göring's "hoch" style of shooting, but those who could manage it wore the hunter's minimum dress—green knickers, brown or green suede jacket, cravat, stylish hat, rubber-soled stalking shoes.

Besides such fancy guns as hand-tooled Mannlichers, the hunters carried brass



STANLEY DOLLAR & HYDROPLANE
Universal bad luck was his fortune.

Ed Watson—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

lead, went dead in the water with a hopelessly broken gear box. Dollar finished the second heat all by himself.

In the final test he had to beat only Los Angeles' super-streamlined *Hurricane IV*, whose engine had not been started in time to begin the second heat. As the two boats churned around the course, *Hurricane IV's* engine balked again and quit. In the face of such universal bad luck, Stanley Dollar carefully crept (heat speed: 84.35 m.p.h.) through the last seven laps alone, prayerfully "counted every lap." If *Slo-mo IV* had fallen out, *Miss Pepsi* would have been the winner by default. But Dollar's hydroplane held up: the surviving boat won the Gold Cup.

Afternoon of a Roebuck

Decked out in his fanciest uniform, bloated Hermann Göring was a crashing symphony in green, armed with a spear. Playing Germany's crown prince of the hunt, *Reichsjägermeister* Göring used to

horns and other noisemakers for luring a stag to his death. The most effective device, the bleater, is a small rubber squeezer, ball-shaped and equipped with stops. Properly manipulated, the bleater emits a "pia" like the cry of a newborn roe; it also trills a realistic "fiep," simulating the call of a doe in rut. The bleater instruction sheet suggests that the hunter render the fiep with "trembling hands," then promptly swing his gun to his shoulder and brace himself for the charge of a romantic roebuck.

One West German hunter who sounded his fiep and got his buck last week began the typical solemn ritual. While the stag was breathing his last, the hunters stood by in respectful silence. When the stag died, the hunters bared their heads and bowed low toward the carcass. Then the hunt master cut an oak twig and passed it, balanced on his knife blade, to the man who had made the kill. The hunter lightly brushed the twig across the animal's wound. Finally, he got a leaf and placed it between the stag's lips to symbolize the fiep-deluded deer's last meal. Leaving the animal to be picked up later, the party moved on, bleaters ready, guns cocked.

* The first time in boat-racing history that two boats (the other *Hurricane IV*) averaged more than 100 m.p.h. over five laps of a standard course.

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Old Enough to Win

Even as a boy in Nebraska, Bion ("Bi") Shively was crazy over horses. By the time he was twelve, he was a full-fledged jockey, booting them home at the county fairs. At 17, Bi quit jockeying and transferred his affections to harness racing, a sport in which oldsters have long excelled. But a kid rider's hell-for-leather zest could not make do for the good, grey experience required to steer a careering sulky behind a winning trotter or pacer. Bi was still learning the rudiments of the harness sport in 1898 when he was called to the Spanish-American War.

Now a slightly bent man with wispy white hair and Santa Claus eyes, Bi Shively has won "scores" of trots and paces. But he had never managed to win the richest harness race of all—the Hambletonian classic, which determines the top three-year-old U.S. trotter. In 1947 he copped the Hambletonian's first heat, but he failed to repeat and take the cup.*

One day last week at the kite-shaped Good Time track in Goshen, N.Y., Bi donned his maroon-and-gold driver's colors. At 74, he reckoned he was now old enough to win the big one. He also figured that his trotter, Sharp Note, a bay colt bought as a yearling for \$1,000 by Dearborn Manufacturer Clyde W. Clark, was good enough. At Santa Anita this spring, Sharp Note won two starts, and set a track record for three-year-old trotters—a 2 min. 21 sec. mile—the fastest race time posted this year by any of the Hambletonian's 14 starters.

But some 15,000 fans who turned out for the \$87,637 Hambletonian did not agree with Bi Shively's figuring. They made Sharp Note their third choice, bet heaviest on Coca-Cola heir Walter T. Candler's three-year-old Duke of Lullwater, and on Hit Song, owned by the Arden Homestead Stable and Lawrence B. Sheppard.

At the start of the first heat, Sharp Note "broke" (i.e., went into a gallop, had to be reined back, lost time until he resumed trotting), but he regained enough ground to finish tenth behind winning Hit Song. Facing perhaps his last chance ever to win the Hambletonian, old Bi gently explained the situation to young Sharp Note.

In the next heat, the trotter came into the final turn with the pack, was swung wide by Shively, took a clear lead, pounded home in front of the Duke in his best race time ever, 1 sec. better than his Santa Anita mark. A 10-to-20 odds-on favorite in the third heat, Sharp Note finally brought the crowd around to Bi's original conclusion. Lagging back in the field until the last turn, he again showed his wallop in the homestretch, beat Hit Song by two lengths, going away. Sharp Note's purse: \$47,236.64.

Later, after getting a crushing buss

* The Hambletonian trophy goes to the horse that wins two out of three one-mile heats; if three heats produce three different winners, there is a fourth and final runoff heat for those three only.



BI SHIVELY & FRIEND

After a fast time, a night out.

from Owner Clark's wife, the Hambletonian's oldest winning driver headed for the stables. There, winking as he munched an ice-cream bar, old Bi said: "I'm going out all night tonight."

Who Won

¶ The U.S. Olympic two-mile relay team of Bill Ashenfelter, Reggie Pearman, Johnny Barnes and Mal Whitfield, by 40 yards over Britain's team, to set a world mark of 7 min. 29.2 sec.; U.S. Hurdler Charley Moore, through a driving rain, the 440-yd. event in a world record 51.6 sec.; at the post-Olympic British Games in London.

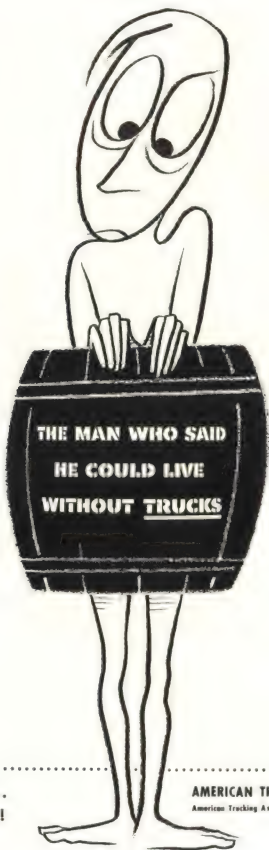
¶ The Philadelphia Athletics' pint-size Pitcher Bobby Shantz (TIME, June 23), over the Boston Red Sox, 5 to 3, to become the first major-league hurler to win 20 games this season.

¶ Nobody over nobody, in the 1952 Olympic Games, according to Soviet Sport Commissar Nikolai Romanov in an exclusive Pravda interview. Romanov's final reckoning of the unofficial national team scores: Russia, 494 points; U.S., 494.

¶ Heavyweight Rex Layne, a ten-round decision over former Heavyweight Champion Ezzard Charles, by a much-disputed verdict of Referee & Sole Judge Jack Dempsey, in Ogden, Utah.

¶ Calumet Farm's 3-to-5 favorite Mark-Ye-Well, 14-mile, \$100,000-added American Derby, by 21 lengths, after he took the lead in the stretch and lengthened it all the way home; at Chicago's Washington Park. The race hoisted Calumet's 1952 winnings to \$1,091,262, gave Jockey Eddie Arcaro his 29th stakes victory of the year.

¶ National Open Golf Champion Julius Boros, the 18-hole playoff of the \$50,000 "World" golf tournament, with a score of 68 to beat out Runner-Up Cary Middlecoff, who carded a 70, after both pros had wound up in a 72-hole tie, with a 12-under-par total of 276; at Chicago's Tam O'Shanter Country Club. To Winner Boros went the biggest prize in golf history: \$25,000. Other 72-hole leaders: Jim Ferrier and Roberto de Vicenzo, 277; Sam Snead and Dave Douglas, 279; Henry Ransom and Lew Worsham, 280.



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H. K. Bradford, President

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WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
August 7, 1952.

MUSIC

Tanglewood & Other Woods

Music was as ubiquitous as Muzak at the Tanglewood festival in Lenox, Mass. last week. As the Boston Symphony's 16th summer season came to a close, Pianist Artur Schnabel and Conductor Charles Munch performed for 10,000 listeners in & around the wall-less Music Shed. Then Leonard Bernstein took the podium to lead a concert and a revised version of his 35-minute-long opera, *Trouble in Tahiti* (TIME, June 23). At week's end, there were three orchestral programs, one for chorus and one of chamber music. The grand finale: a 280-man performance of Berlioz' massive *Requiem*.

Before the week was out, 400-odd young musicians of the Berkshire Music Center, which shares the well-clipped lawns of Tanglewood with the festival, had also wound up their six-week summer session—studying composition (with Aaron Copland, Luigi Dallapiccola), conducting (with Bernstein), and performance (with members of the orchestra). Their big show: Mozart's opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, resurrected, rendered into English (and renamed *Titus*), produced and conducted by the New England Opera Company's Director Boris Goldovsky.

All across the U.S. last week, the mid-summer air was resounding more or less tunelessly as thousands of other summer music students neared commencement time with a scraping of catgut, tootling of brass and a thumping of piano keys. Among them:

❑ The National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., where 1,600 students from eight through college age take lessons on their instruments, play in orchestras, sing in choruses, dance, paint, act and live a rugged life in rustic surroundings.

❑ L'Ecole Montreux, at Hancock, Maine, where 50 young (average age: 30) professionals take a month of intensive podium training at Conductor Pierre Monteux's own school.

❑ Salzedo Harp Colony, in Camden, Maine, where Harpist Carlos Salzedo teaches his technique to 38 men and women in an idyllic setting. Part of the curriculum: costume and deportment so that the performers may properly grace the stage when they play in symphony orchestras.

❑ Composers' Conference and Chamber Music Center at Bennington, Vt., where about 50 composers and instrumentalists gather for two weeks in August to play for each other and the public.

Besides the special summer setups, the year-round institutions were also going full blast: 363 students at the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music, 400 at Manhattan's Juilliard, 1,300 at the University of Wisconsin's School of Music. Crowded Teacher Lotte Lehmann (in Santa Barbara's Music Academy of the West): "What has Salzburg got that we haven't got?"

Clutch Baritone

Whenever there is a tough baritone part to be sung these days, the call is likely to go to a modest 42-year-old Texan named Mack Harrell. In his 15 years as a professional, he has sung such larynx-cracking roles as the lead in *Wozzeck* and Rabbi Azrael in *The Dybbuk*; last season he gave more concerts with orchestra than any other U.S. baritone. Last week, at a time when most hard-working men were snoozing in vacation hammocks, Mack Harrell was still at it: singing Virgil Thomson's intricate new *Five Songs of William Blake* at Aspen.

A careful artist who doesn't believe in rushing his career, Harrell did not even



Archie Lieberman

MAC K HARRELL

He was thrown into opera.

make up his mind to become a singer until he was 24. He took to music as soon as he was big enough to crank up his mother's phonograph in Celeste, Texas. But he liked the violin music on those old records better than the vocals of Galli-Curci and Caruso. When he was twelve, he coaxed his mother into giving him a year's worth of violin lessons. Twelve penny-pinching years later, he concluded that his fingers were too stubby. Then a Philadelphia singing teacher told him he had a voice.

It was four more years before Harrell's concert career started with a tour of Europe. Soon after that, he took a fling at the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air ("I wasn't much interested in opera, but I thought it would be fun"), was more surprised than anybody else when he won. Since a contract with the company was part of the prize, "that sort of threw me into opera." He gradually worked into leading roles: Papageno in the *Magic Flute*, Golaud in *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

Word got around that Harrell was a



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singer who never choked in the clutch of modern music. Without so much as raising his sun-bleached eyebrows, he spoke the rhythmically complex narrator's part in the world premiere of Schönberg's *Ode to Napoleon* with the Philharmonic in 1944, sang the lead in Bernard Rogers' opera *The Warrior* at the Met in 1947.

Now married to one of his fellow violin students and living in Larchmont, N.Y., Harrell still likes to sing the classics, especially the part of Christ in the *St. Matthew Passion*. But he thinks casting directors expect him to be good at learning difficult modern scores because of the thorough musical training he got studying the violin. On Baritone Harrell's schedule for next winter: parts in Milhaud's *Christopher Columbus* (with the Philharmonic-Symphony) and Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* at the Metropolitan Opera.

MILESTONES

Engagement Announced. Anthony Eden, 55, Britain's elegant Foreign Secretary, and Clarissa Spencer-Churchill, 32, Prime Minister Churchill's blonde, blue-eyed niece, Britain's "most beautiful debutante of 1938," a wartime Foreign Office worker, more recently employed in Film Producer Alexander Korda's office; in London.

Divorced. By Maureen O'Hara, 31, red-haired cinematress (*The Quiet Man*—see CINEMA): Movie Director Will Price, 39; after ten years of marriage, one child; in Los Angeles.

Died. Clement George McCullagh, 47, publisher (since 1936) of the Toronto morning *Globe & Mail* and (since 1948) the evening *Telegram*, two of Canada's largest (combined circ. 453,974) newspapers; of a heart attack; in Toronto. McCullagh quit as assistant financial editor of the old Toronto *Globe* in 1928, quipped that "next time I come in I'll be buying the newspaper." He joined a Bay Street brokerage firm, later formed his own company and became a millionaire by the time he was 30. In 1936 he returned with the money (\$1,850,000, backed by Gold Mine Owner William Wright) to buy the *Globe*; a month later he bought its morning rival, the *Mail & Empire*; twelve years later acquired the *Telegram* for \$3,610,000. A onetime Liberal, he shifted to the Conservative Party in 1943.

Died. Dr. Donald Alfred Stauffer, 50, chairman of Princeton University's English department, George Eastman Professor of English (for the past year) at Oxford University, poet, Shakespearean scholar, critic and novelist (*The Saint and the Hunchback*); of a coronary thrombosis; in Oxford, England.

Died. Jeffery Farnol, 74, perennial bestselling British novelist (*The Broad Highway*, *The Amateur Gentleman*); after long illness; in Eastbourne, England.

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STRAY STOPPER. When cattle eye with longing the greener pastures elsewhere, their wanderlust is quickly quenched on countless American farms by the best of all stray stoppers . . . U-S-S American Fence, made by United States Steel. There is more American Fence in use than any other brand.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

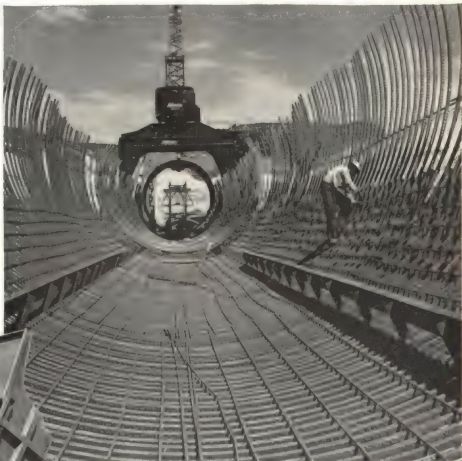
The iron and steel industry in 1951 used over 58 million tons of scrap in establishing its all-time record production of 105 million tons of steel. With producing capacity still expanding, even more scrap will be essential to successful operations in 1952.



8,000,000 MORE CHILDREN, in the next few years, will have to be fitted into the already crowded classrooms of American schools. Communities therefore must start their preparations *now* to insure adequate local school facilities for the nation's youth. Remember, better schools build a stronger America . . . and *steel* builds stronger, safer schools.

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WORLD'S BIGGEST? This is believed to be one of the biggest dump trucks yet built. Made of U-S-S MAN-TEN Steel, the six-wheeled giant has a 28 cubic yard body, carries 45 tons of coal and overburden in strip mining, can dump a full load in 20 seconds, and has a road speed of 32 miles per hour.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Hot-Air War

The Washington air was hot last week with talk of a new war on inflation. But it was plain that there would be little more than sham battles. Reason: the planners had planned their political inflation (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) so well that there was no place for the price of most things to go but up.

The new Wage Stabilization Board, meeting for the first time under Chairman Archibald Cox, a 40-year-old Harvard law professor, was already in trouble. It faced 12,000 applications for wage boosts for



United Press

ECONOMIC STABILIZER PUTNAM
Inflation was so well planned . . .

millions of workers, and new ones were pouring in at the rate of 1,800 a week. The board had inherited all the problems from the old board's steel wage fiasco.

Instead of making recommendations for wage settlements, as in steel, WSB can now only approve or disapprove of bargaining agreements already reached. And most unions, having used up most of their allowable wage increases, are after more than is permissible. The rubber workers, for example, are entitled to only about 3¢ an hour in cost-of-living increases. This week they settled with Goodyear for 10¢, and the case will soon come before the board. John L. Lewis, for another, will hardly settle for the 10¢ his coal miners are entitled to.

What can WSB do? The board is hoping that the coal, rubber and other industries will stand firm against demands for big boosts. If the companies don't—and many won't be able to in the light of the steel boost—WSB will probably find an out with "productivity" increases, i.e., raises to compensate for greater man-hour out-

put. It will probably turn out that the bigger and stronger the union, the bigger the "productivity" raise.

But the troubles of WSB are nothing compared to those of OPS. Last week there was a rash of new price boosts—aluminum up 1¢ a lb., Kaiser-Frazer cars \$54 apiece, cotton \$5 a bale, manganese \$40 a ton (which will boost the cost of making steel an average of 46¢ a ton).

And the effects of the steel boost are still to come. Economic Stabilizer Roger Putnam, pooh-poohing talk that all prices will shoot up, said he had a plan whereby users would absorb the increases, thus "eliminating any need for increasing prices to consumers." Putnam soon discovered his plan was economic nonsense. Many small fabricators have such small profit margins any further absorption of costs would force them out of business. As a result, the stabilizers, who already have been flooded with requests for price increases to compensate for the steel rise, started looking for a face-saving formula which would let prices go up.

One such formula is already in effect in the auto industry. Forced by Congress to drop dollars & cents auto ceilings, OPS last week substituted ceilings based on dealers' percentages of profit. That will not necessarily mean higher auto prices immediately, but it will be so hard to check the various percentages of dealers that for all practical purposes there will be little control.

GOVERNMENT

How to Make a Buck

Not every man can turn an \$85,000 investment into a profit of \$1,005,000 in two short years. Last week Robert Hirsch, a Bridgeport, Conn. insurance man, turned the trick with the help of some Fair Deal humping in Washington.

In 1950, Hirsch and four associates signed a contract with the Government's General Services Administration to buy a surplus aircraft plant in Stratford, Conn. that had stood empty since Chance Vought moved to Texas in 1949. After the Korean war began, GSA checked twice with the Munitions Board to make sure the plant would not be needed. The board assured GSA that it did not want the plant; it would be useful only in the event of total mobilization. The price was \$2,010,000, and Hirsch and friends paid \$85,000 down. When Hirsch heard that Avco Manufacturing Corp. was looking for a plant to make plane engines for the Air Force, he signed up the company as a tenant at \$25,000 a year.

But when Hirsch and his friends offered their second payment of \$320,000, they got a surprise: GSA refused to accept the cash. It announced, instead, that the Government needed the plant after all, and was taking it back through condemnation. And why did the Government need it? For Avco's new engine production, of

course. The Air Force had suddenly discovered that altering and equipping the plant at Government expense for Avco would run into millions; it didn't like the idea that when Avco's lease ran out, the plant would revert to Hirsch, improvements and all. Hirsch filed suit to protect his property.

In Hartford, Hirsch won the first round of what is sure to be a long legal battle. Federal Judge J. Joseph Smith agreed with a court-appointed committee that in reclaiming the plant, the Government must pay Hirsch & associates \$3,100,000. The court ruled that the value of the plant had increased one-third the moment



Walter Bennett

WAGE STABILIZER COX
... it had no place to go but up.

Hirsch signed up a tenant. Added Judge Smith pointedly: "Some provision for renegotiation of such [purchase] contracts . . . to recapture large, short-term speculative profits would be desirable . . ."

INDUSTRY

The Unsleeping Eye

In the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's freight yards near Chicago last week, a yard clerk walked over to an incoming train for the routine job of writing down the serial number of each freight car. When he turned in the numbers to the assistant superintendent, he was told: "I know them already. I watched the cars come in on television."

This new use of TV was an experiment which the Radio Corp. of America hopes may soon revolutionize the yard techniques of U.S. railroads. Beside B. & O.'s main incoming track, RCA had set up a Vidicon camera, a new type of TV camera which RCA put on sale last week. The camera picked up the box-car numbers,



Same Rating But what a difference!

Both safety switches shown here have the same horsepower rating when used as disconnects on a.c. motor circuits. But the small switch on the left is the revolutionary new Cutler-Hammer design, compact, space-saving, easy to handle, with new dependability of performance.

Up until now safety switches have invariably been much larger than the motor control with which they have been used. This has created difficult installation problems. Even when space was available, their bulk and weight made mounting difficult; and the much larger size of the safety switch in such close relation to an associated control enclosure has simply been all out of proportion to the latter. This detracted from the appearance of the complete installation.

Cutler-Hammer engineering has ended all this as far as a.c. motors are concerned. The new and exclusively Cutler-Hammer Bulletin 4110 line of Horsepower Rated

A.C. Motor-Circuit Safety Switches saves as much as 65% in size, and matches safety switch and motor control in size, convenience and dependability. These switches are available in ratings from 3 h.p. to 30 h.p., 230 volts a.c. and from 7½ h.p. to 50 h.p., 575 volts a.c. These switches have many features and have no substitutes even remotely comparable. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



flushed them on a screen in the yard's four-story control tower. Another camera, set between the tracks (with floodlights) and aimed upward, inspected the passing cars for cracked truck frames, broken springs, missing journal-box lids, etc. Though the equipment will continue to be tested for operation in snow and sleet conditions B. & O. already pronounced it "ideal for watching yard operations—especially blind spots and ends of yards distant from the yardmaster's office." The biggest appeal for RCA's new closed-circuit TV unit was its price: \$5,500, only one-third or less of the cost formerly required to set up a circuit of equal fidelity. As a result, RCA hoped to turn the promising new field of industrial TV into a big business.

Industrial TV was pioneered by Ohio's small Diamond Power Specialty Corp. But now not only RCA but CBS, Du Mont, Remington Rand and other big companies are in it, and the industrial uses of TV are fast increasing. Samples:

¶ Boston's Jordan Marsh department store uses the CBS-Remington \$25,000 color circuit, Vericolor, to lure shoppers to different floors by posting screens at strategic points to show fashions, home furnishings, etc.

¶ Utilities use Diamond Power's cheap (\$4,200) Utiliscope. For Long Island Lighting Co., it peers inside a furnace to make sure the pilot light is burning before the furnace is refueled. For Manhattan's Consolidated Edison, it watches the water level in a boiler five floors away and checks up on fly-ash at the top of 250-ft. chimneys for the furnace tenders.

¶ U.S. Steel's Geneva (Utah) plant, using four Utiliscopes, is able to watch three furnaces with one man, speed up the reheating of slabs.

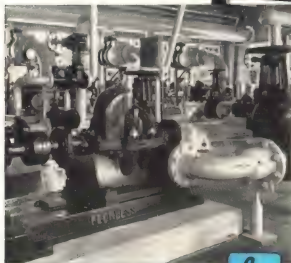
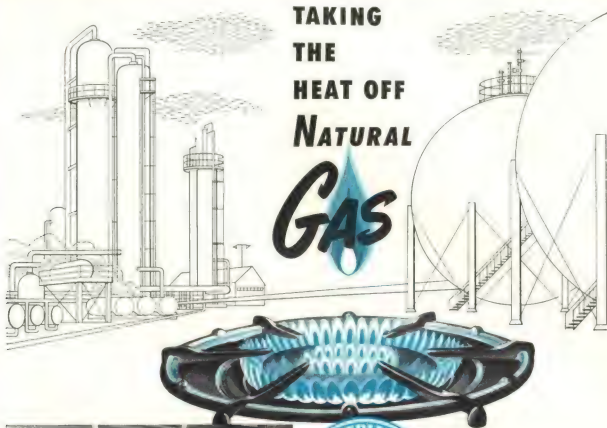
¶ North American Aviation uses Remington's \$9,500 black & white Vericon for close observation of rocket engines on test stands, a job too dangerous for men.

¶ The New Haven Railroad is planning to install Du Mont cameras at 14 stations along its tracks to watch for hotboxes, thus replace 14 workmen.

EARNINGS

Picking the Winners

As the bull market continued to edge up last week, investors kept a sharp eye on the form sheets of second-quarter earnings and hustled to place their money on the winners. Most sparkling performer was Chrysler Corp. President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert reported a 20% jump in net to \$44 million in the first six months despite a 10% drop in sales (to \$1.3 billion). Chrysler's good showing, said the company, resulted from auto-price increases big enough (15% in a year) to overcome higher taxes (up 220%), and higher unit costs caused by restricted auto output (582,984 units v. 804,884 in 1951's first half). At the news, Chrysler jumped 3 points to 8½, a new high for the year. General Motors, which had earlier reported a second-quarter net of \$142 million, up 2%, rose nearly a point to 6½. That



In this pipe line compressor station, flow of water through two sets of cooling units is effected by a battery of motor-driven Peerless multistage centrifugal pumps.

Trade Mark



KEEP IT COOL IN TRANSIT

As the prime source of heat energy supplying millions of homes and industries, Natural Gas must be speedily transported through a vast network of over 300 thousand miles of pipeline arteries. Boosting it along its way is the job of hundreds of compressor stations, which compress gas in transit to keep it flowing from station to station. Compressing gas causes a tremendous heat generation problem. To dissipate this heat, huge volumes of water are circulated by batteries of high capacity Peerless pumps—produced by FMC Peerless Pump Division. Taking the heat off Natural Gas in transit is another example of FMC's important contribution to basic American industries.

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Two huge doors like this for simultaneous loading and unloading... faster handling at terminals.

New **REGULAR** schedules between Europe and the USA

Only Clipper Cargo gives you—

- First 300-mph DC-6A all-cargo Clipper... specially assigned to service between Europe and the USA.
- Monday morning deliveries in London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt and New York.
- This outstanding DC-6A all-cargo service connects with other regular Pan American cargo flights to and from all of South and Central America and the Caribbean area. A network of Clipper Cargo offices speeds handling of your shipments to and from any city in the world.
- Cargo capacity of 20,000 lbs. on DC-6A service. Ship packages up to 570 cubic ft., up to 52 ft. in length.
- Space for your cargo may be assured by advance reservation.
- Pressurized, and temperature controlled air and ground—ideal for live-stock, perishables.

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE
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was the highest price in GM's history.

Not all the earnings were good. When Wilson & Co. reported that earnings were too small to pay the regular 25¢ dividend, Wilson dropped nearly two points to a new low of 10. The stock of Celanese Corp. dropped 2½ points to 42½ when the company reported that its second-quarter profits, hard hit by the textile slump, were down 95% to \$215,327, not even enough to cover the dividend on the preferred stock. Western Union, which reported that the seven-week telegraph strike caused a \$3,002,125 half-year loss v. a \$4,246,672 net in 1951, was knocked down nearly two points to 42.

Other company reports:

❑ Like giant Bethlehem (off 77% to \$5.3 million), other steel companies showed the drastic effects of 28 strikebound days in the second quarter. National Steel's earnings were cut in half to \$6.8 million; Sharon lost \$430,280 v. a 1951 profit of \$2.8 million; Follansbee's net dropped from \$805,205 to \$35,167.

❑ Despite strikes, Socony-Vacuum netted \$84 million for the first half, up 10% to a new record. But Standard Oil of California's second-quarter net was down 2.5% to \$45.4 million; Texas Co.'s was down 19% to \$40 million.

ADVERTISING

Biggest Year

Never has the U.S. spent so much on advertising as it did in 1951. Last week *Printers' Ink* published the estimated total: \$6,496,500,000, nearly 14% more than in 1950, but not quite in step with the 15% increase in the nation's gross national product.

Fast-growing television, with a take of \$388.4 million, turned in the biggest percentage gain (93.3%). TV's share of the U.S. advertising pot nearly doubled, from 3.5% to 6%. The share of newspapers (34.7%), radio (10.9%) and magazines (8.9%) shrank slightly, though dollar volume rose. The dollar leaders: newspapers, \$2.2 billion, up 8.8%; direct mail, \$923.7 million, up 15%; radio, \$712.3 million, up 6.7%; magazines, \$573.7 million, up 11.4%.

AGRICULTURE

Queen of the Cows

Three times a day for most of her 17 years, a top-eared Holstein-Friesian cow by the name of Pansco Hazel has been herded into a white barn on the dairy farm of Frank Pellissier near Whittier, Calif., and milked. Her average daily production: 37 qts. In her time, purebred Hazel (out of Hazel Colantha Rag Apple de Kol by Pansco Sequoia Adventurer) has seen hand milking bow to the machine age, has had her milk pasteurized and homogenized, has had 13 calves and is again pregnant.

Last week the milking of Hazel was a notable event. With a redheaded young movie starlet named Joan Taylor (Queen of the Dairy Association) draped around her neck, and a national broadcasting



Lucien Deane—Left

CHAMPION PANSO HAZEL

Three times a day for 17 years.

company microphone recording the milking machine's gurgles, Hazel became the new champion milk cow of the world. She passed the record of 267,304 lbs. set by Ionia Ormsby Queen on Aug. 22, 1947. Hazel's lifetime production is worth more than \$20,000, would fill nine tank trucks and run Whittier's dairy plant for 32 days.

MONEY MARKET

Germany's Good Name

Like watching a newsreel run backward, delegates from 23 nations have been meeting in London, threading their way through the financial tangles of two global wars. Phrases that were headlines a quarter-century ago (Dawes Plan, Young Plan, Hoover Moratorium) ran through their talk as they sought a way to settle Germany's \$6 billion foreign debt. The problem, said U.S. Delegate Warren Lee Pierson, T.W.A. chairman and an old hand at international financial powwows, was "probably the most complicated in financial history." Last week, at a press conference in Manhattan, Pierson announced that the problem had been settled. It was good news to U.S. investors, who hold nearly half of all the German bonds sold abroad and who have received no interest or principal for some 13 years. Under the terms of the agreement, said Pierson, they will eventually get back their principal and most of their interest.

The most complicated problem started in 1933, when Germany began to default on interest payments on state, municipal and corporate bonds. To give her a breather, President Hoover arranged a moratorium on all payments in 1931. Shortly after, Adolf Hitler repudiated the whole



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system for school, hospital or
business; or a musical chime for
your home; Edwards can solve it.

No one knows. But if it should happen, America must be ready with Civil Defense, with shelters . . . above all, with adequate warning.

In Washington many of our Government buildings . . . key targets in an attack . . . are so huge no outside warning can be heard. Here Edwards signaling devices are installed . . . small, inconspicuous horns but with mighty voices that can be heard anywhere within the largest buildings.

These horns must not . . . cannot fail. We're proud, naturally that where dependability is the yardstick, greater safety the goal, the name chosen to assure them is . . . Edwards!

Edwards Company, Inc., Dept. T8, Norwalk, Conn.

EDWARDS

*World's Most Reliable Time,
Communication and Protection Products For
Schools, Hospitals, Industry and Homes.*

Illustration Courtesy Federal Civil Defense Administration

OLD Favorite

Old Schenley is 8-year-old, Bottled in Bond, 100 proof bourbon. It is *twice* as old as most Bonds. And *twice* as good, due to its age and the great skill with which it was made. It is the "gift" whiskey you'd much rather keep. At all fine bars and stores.



8 YEARS OLD, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 100 PROOF. © 1952 SCHENLEY DISTR., INC., N. Y. C.

debt; he charged that it was caused by reparations and was one of the injustices of the Versailles Treaty.* As the market value of German bonds tumbled, Hitler's agents quietly bought up blocks of them at fractions of their par value, stored them away in Berlin. When World War II broke, the U.S. suspended trading in German bonds for fear Hitler would somehow slip his uncanceled bonds back into the U.S. stock market, thus raise cash. Allied bombs destroyed many of the bonds held in Berlin, and Russian looters took what was left, clandestinely began selling them. Thus there was no accurate record of which bonds still represented valid claims. Another complication was that many of the bonds called for payments based on a gold standard, which the U.S. and Britain have long since abandoned. In addition, the bonds had to take second place behind the \$3.7 billion which the



WARREN LEE PIERSON
A happy end to a newsreel.

Bonn government owes the U.S., Britain and France for economic aid.

At the London conference, the three Allies sensibly took the view that Problem No. 1 was to restore Germany's good name in the world money market so that she can raise money for reconstruction and get back all the financial tools necessary for international trade. Accordingly, all three waived a big part of their postwar claims. They concentrated on cleaning up Germany's prewar \$2.3 billion private-bond debt. Under the agreement, the West German government will provide the foreign exchange to pay for all the private bonds floated by prewar Germany, although safeguards have been set up to protect her against counterfeit or

* Of the billions which Germany borrowed, chiefly from the U.S. and Britain, during the 1920s, a sizable amount went right out again as reparations payments. But with the remainder, Germany completely modernized its heavy industry, built housing projects, athletic stadia, etc.

NEW Low Price

Now you can buy Old Schenley, full 8 years old, Bottled in Bond, 100 proof bourbon at the price of bonded whiskies only half its age! At this very unusual price, Old Schenley is now *twice* the value. Ask your favorite retailer today about the surprisingly low price!



8 YEARS OLD, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 100 PROOF. © 1952 SCHENLEY DISTR., INC., N. Y. C.

illegally held ones. Other agreement highlights:

¶ The 1924 Dawes Plan 7% bonds, which were scheduled to mature in 1949, will now mature in 1969. U.S. holders will receive 5½% interest after March 31, 1953. They will also be issued 20-year bonds, paying 3% and, after five years, an added 2% to cover unpaid past interest.

¶ The 1930 Young Plan 5½% bonds (maturity date 1965) will now mature in 1980. U.S. holders will get 5% interest after March 31, 1953, 20-year bonds at 3% and, after five years, an added 1% for unpaid interest.

¶ Instead of gold payments, as called for in some of the bonds, the U.S. dollar will be used as the basis of exchange.

¶ On state and municipal bonds, there will be no reduction in principal, but interest will be fixed at 75% of the contract rate.

After the agreement is formally approved by the Bonn and interested governments, trading in the bonds will be resumed on the world's exchanges. When last traded in the U.S., the Young 5½% had fallen to \$2.50 (par value: \$100). But on Swiss markets, where trading never stopped, the Young bonds last week climbed to \$46.

SUGAR

Undynamic

In its long history as a feast-or-famine business, the sugar industry has developed a quick defensive reflex: the minute prices weaken, the growers cut production. This year, a record world sugar output of 44.4 million tons is expected to top demand by 2,500,000 tons. Faced with the prospect of falling prices, such big sugar producers as Cuba and Puerto Rico are planning a slash of 20% to 30% in their 1953 output.

Last week Manhattan's Lamborn & Co., Inc., one of the top sugar brokers, called for a new set of reflexes in the trade. The trouble with the industry, said Lamborn, is not overproduction; it is underconsumption. What sugarmen need is the same kind of merchandising hustle that has created ever-growing markets for the goods of mass production in the U.S.

Consumption ranges all the way from 130 lbs. a year per capita in Australia down to six in Siam. In most places where consumption is low, it is because the price is high. In Spain, for instance, when raw sugar was selling for 4.2¢ a lb., refined sugar cost 29¢ retail (v. a U.S. price of 9.5¢). Asks Lamborn: "Is it any wonder that Spain's per capita consumption of sugar continues low—a mere 16 lbs. . . .?"

In some nations, says the report, the high price results from "inordinately high taxes"; Turkey, for example, slapped a 16¢ tax on every pound in 1949, pushing the price up to 27¢. Elsewhere, the price is kept artificially high by "government monopolies or government-approved cartels." Sugarmen should "estimate the great cost of restricting production as against the infinitesimal cost of taking some positive, dynamic steps to increase consumption."

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES

Home
of the
Sage of
Stenton



... Saved by
quick-witted Caretaker

WHILE WILLIAM PENN and his secretary James Logan were traveling to America in 1699, their ship, according to legend, was attacked by pirates. Penn's principles forbade resistance but Logan successfully defended the vessel.

As Penn's confidential adviser, the scholarly Logan wielded great influence in Pennsylvania, in time becoming governor of the colony and mayor of Philadelphia. His home in what is now Germantown was started in 1728 and was named Stenton after his father's birthplace in Scotland. In his own words, he was obliged to spend much time at home, "being wholly reduced to a pair of crutches and Sedentary Life by a fall off my feet." Nevertheless, the curtailment of his physical activity enabled him to devote himself to writing and to his remarkable library.

Owned by the Logan family for many years, Stenton was Washington's headquarters before the battle of Brandywine. At the battle of Germantown the house fell into British hands and was occupied briefly by General Howe.

Later in 1777 two dragoons arrived in Germantown for the purpose of carrying out orders to burn the homes of patriots in the neighborhood. While they were in the stable gathering straw to start a fire, a party of soldiers came looking for deserters. Dinah, the Negro caretaker, promptly told them that two suspicious-looking men were lurking in the barn and despite their indignant protests the two dragoons were seized. Seventeen houses had been burned, but thanks to Dinah, Stenton was saved. Now the property of the city of Philadelphia and under the custody of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America, this important landmark is open to public view.



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Taxes Five Times Profits

At a convention of moviemen in Minneapolis last week, Hollywood Spokesman Eric Johnston said that it is too soon to toll the death of the industry. Weekly admissions run close to \$5,000,000, "and that's a third of all the people in the United States." What's more, the number of new drive-in theaters more than offsets the number of houses closing down. The real problem, said Johnston, is not television but taxes. The 20% federal admission tax alone in 1951 amounted to some \$250,000,000—or five times the net profits of all U.S. theaters.

Stupid—or Worse?

During World War II, the big movie companies made 16-mm. prints of feature movies to show in Army camps and hospitals all over the world. Last week Hollywood was brooding on the adage: a good deed never goes unpunished. The U.S. Department of Justice filed an antitrust suit to compel twelve major film companies to sell their 16-mm. prints to television.

Movie theater owners immediately set up a howl of protest, but Hollywood, though usually thrown into a tizzy by any governmental move, remained surprisingly calm. Viewing the Justice Department action as more foolish than threatening, moviemen pointed out that the case might drag on through the courts for as long as ten years—long enough for Hollywood and TV to come to an understanding of their own. And even if the Government should win, moviemen felt that their position was impregnable. Said an M-G-M spokesman: "Suppose the Government ordered you to sell *Mutiny on the Bounty* to TV. You could say, 'O.K., but we want four million bucks.' TV can't pay that, so you're right back where you started. The whole thing's just too stupid." In calling it stupid, Hollywood was being polite. In fact, this action by Attorney General McGranery was an example of deliberate efforts to destroy, by Government interference, freedom of bargaining.

The New Pictures

Francis Goes to West Point (Universal-International). Francis the talking mule is now attending the U.S. Military Academy, after having helped defeat the Japanese army in Burma (*Francis Goes to the Races*). By tutoring his sidekick in algebra, biology and French, Francis helps Donald O'Connor rise from bottom man in his class of 687 to honor plebe. Francis also straightens out romantic complications between Donald and the commandant's daughter, gives the West Point salute by raising his tail, and helps the Army sink the Navy through his unparalleled football strategy and mule sense.

A lot of screenplay fun is mixed in with Francis' oats, but *Francis Goes to West Point* is an amusing romp because of O'Connor's clowning and Francis' gabbing



FRANCIS & O'CONNOR
Mule sense sinks the Navy.

(with Actor Chill Wills' hayseedy voice). At the fadeout, Francis says: "I'm off to far places, where corn is free and mules are mules." Next in the highly profitable mule series: *Francis Covers the Big Town*, in which Francis will help make jackasses out of Manhattan mobsters.

The Quiet Man (Argosy: Republic) is a noisily energetic movie about an American prizefighter (John Wayne) who goes to Ireland to settle down in his ancestral village. There he falls in love with red-haired hellcat Maureen O'Hara. When her bullying brother (Victor McLaglen) tries to break up their marriage, Wayne at first refuses to retaliate. But inevitably, Wayne and McLaglen tangle in a donnybrook that ranges over hill & dale, across river and through the cobbled streets of Innisfree, with half the town tagging along and with time out for a breather at Pat Cohan's pub by both combatants and spectators.

For all of John Ford's practiced direction, *The Quiet Man* often seems merely the most tried & true sort of movie melodrama transplanted to the old sod. Ford's stock company of actors plays the stock tale for all it is worth: Wayne, Maureen & McLaglen as the leads, Ward Bond as a priest who loves salmon fishing, and Barry Fitzgerald as a pixyish marriage broker. But the star of the picture is the Irish countryside, lovingly photographed in Technicolor around Cong, Galway, Spiddal, Maam Valley and Lake Corrib.

Son of Paleface (Paramount) is Bob Hope playing a boastful, craven Harvard man, who comes to the wild-West town of Sawbuck Pass to claim the fortune left by his father, "a legendary Indian fighter. Hope tangles with a bandit gang which



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CAGNEY & DAILEY AS FLAGG & QUIRT
They also fight the Germans.

has been hijacking gold shipments under the leadership of the Torch (Jane Russell), a leggy, gun-totin' singer at the Dirty Shame saloon. Also involved are intrepid Government Agent Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger.

Hope wears long red underwear emblazoned with a huge H (for Harvard), curls up in bed with Trigger, sings a song or two with Jane, and eludes pursuing Indians in his crimson vintage Ford, which rears up on its hind wheels like a horse. Roy Rogers sings *A Four-Legged Friend* to Trigger, and there are brief, unilluminated appearances by Cecil B. DeMille and Bing Crosby. Sample dialogue as Jane snuggles up to Hope: "You're a dear." Hope: "You're an antelope. Later on we'll go out on the range and play."

What Price Glory (20th Century-Fox) is a soft-boiled movie version of the hard-boiled Maxwell Anderson-Laurence Stallings war play of 1924. The original drama, one of the all-time greats of the American stage, was built around the rowdy feuding of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt of the U.S. Marines. Mainly, the boys fought over Charmaine, daughter of an innkeeper in a French village. In their quieter moments, Quirt and Flagg also got around to fighting the Germans.*

This adaptation adds Technicolor, songs and slapdash comedy routines to the original. It subtracts much of the play's bawdy vitality and grim view of war. There are some over-tinted battle scenes directed by John Ford, and a rosy fadeout with both Quirt (Dan Dailey) and Flagg (James

Cagney) proposing marriage to Charmaine just before the big allied push.

Corinne Calvet makes a decorative, too decorous Charmaine. As the rambunctious Flagg and Quirt, paunchy James Cagney and rangy Dan Dailey work hard snarling at each other out of the sides of their mouths, but most of the time they seem merely about to break into a song & dance routine.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe. Elizabeth Taylor as Rebecca. Joan Fontaine as Rowena (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a strange dream world of their own (TIME, July 31).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperadoes single-handed (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay Technicolor edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

The Story of Robin Hood. Flavorful version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, directed by Carol (The Third Man) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

* At Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, where the 5th and 6th Marines were two of the four infantry regiments in the Army's 2nd (Indianhead) Division. The 5th Marine Regiment is now a part of the 1st Marine Division in Korea, the 6th a part of the 2nd Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, N.C. The 2nd Army Division fights in Korea less its old Marine units.

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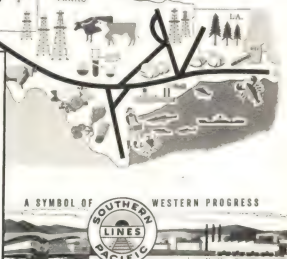
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1,000 CARS = A FREIGHT TRAIN TEN MILES LONG

PRODUCT	NO. OF CARLOADS	PRODUCT	NO. OF CARLOADS
Citrus fruits	31,791	Logs	88,163
Cantaloupes & melons	25,433	Lumber, shingles & lathe	228,004
Potatoes & onions	29,670	Feed ANIMAL & POULTRY	42,355
Lettuces	82,148	Feeds CANNED & PACKAGED	45,618
Sugar beets	39,846	Containers	85,186
Cotton & cotton linters	44,574	Paper & PAPER PRODUCTS	16,897
Rice	16,382	Chemicals & acids	24,112
Iron ore	27,814	Gasoline & OTHER REFINED PETROLEUM PRODUCTS	100,428
Copper ore, CONCENTRATED	23,393	Motor vehicles & parts	43,960
Sand, GRAVEL & CRUSHED ROCK	197,585	Iron, steel & MANUFACTURES THEREOF	56,017
Salt	24,223	Grapes & wine	26,436
Sulphur	24,152	Peanuts	848

* The figures in this table include only a few of the commodities loaded on our lines. They do not of course include traffic originating away from our lines but hauled by our railroad.

† While this enormous amount of sand, gravel & crushed rock accounts for only a comparatively small part of Southern Pacific's freight revenue, we feel it is significant as an index to the Golden Empire's mushrooming construction activity.



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Memoirs of the Wehrmacht

PANZER LEADER (528 pp.)—Heinz Guderian—Dutton (\$7.50).

Watching a weapons demonstration at Kummersdorf one day in 1933, Chancellor Adolf Hitler exclaimed with delight: "That's what I need! That's what I want to have!" The man who was giving him what he wanted was a stocky Pomeranian lieutenant colonel named Heinz Guderian, showing off his new *Panzers* and motorized troops. He had developed them in the face of opposition from most of the *Wehrmacht* generals and he had brought them a long way from the days when schoolboys used to slit his canvas dummy tanks for a look inside. He and his tanks were to go farther yet—to the English Channel and almost, but not quite, to Moscow. On the way, he was to help revolutionize modern warfare.

The Snows of Russia. Guderian's autobiographical *Panzer Leader* is in many ways the most revealing book written by or about a German general since World War II. Like a lot of his colleagues, Guderian finds the ivory tower of professional soldiering a convenient retreat from the grimmer facts of Nazi life. Concentration camps, persecutions and the like were Himmler's business, a "secret" that was kept in a "masterly" way. Guderian's business was war, and he writes about the military side of war with a fullness and clarity that military historians will be grateful for.

Much of Guderian's record has the quality of a G-3 report. But when the Russians turn on Guderian in subzero weather, the military prose gives way to simple despair: "Only he who saw the endless expanse of Russian snow during this winter of our misery and felt the icy wind that blew across it, burying in snow every object in its path: who drove for hour after hour through that no-man's-land only at last to find too thin shelter with insufficiently clothed, half-starved men; and who also saw by contrast the well-fed, warmly clad and fresh Siberians, fully equipped for winter fighting: only a man who knew all that can truly judge the events which now occurred."

Guderian & Hitler. One thing that occurred was the firing of Guderian. Hitler had bitten off more than he could chew and, claims Guderian, he alone among the generals had the guts to tell him so. If Guderian is to be believed, he alone stood up to Hitler, begging him to be satisfied with limited objectives, finally demanding a withdrawal in Russia and an armistice with the West.

Guderian agrees that Hitler alone ran the war; Himmler, Göring and Goebbels feared him as much as did the generals. After the assassination attempt in 1944 (which Guderian still deploras as unsoldierly and un-Christian), only complete sycophants could hold their jobs. But there was one exception: Guderian. He



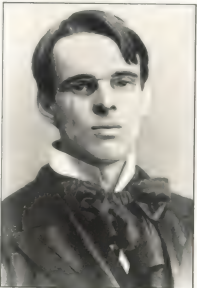
Associated Press

GENERAL GUDERIAN

Everybody else was out of step.

was called back twice, once to rebuild the *Panzer* armies and set up the Eastern defenses, again to hold the biggest job of all: chief of the general staff.

Guderian, now living in retirement near the Bavarian town of Füssen, has no regrets for his part in the war. As he tells it, he did only what a soldier and patriot had to do. His failures, he says, were all the fault of shortsighted and timorous colleagues and, toward the end, of a sick and irrational Hitler. But still faithful to his Führer, Guderian intones: "This sickness was his misfortune and his fate. It was also the misfortune and fate of his country."



Culver

POET YEATS

Like Goethe in a peat croft.

With an Irish Brogue

1000 YEARS OF IRISH PROSE (607 pp.)—Edited by Vivian Mercier and David H. Greene—Devin-Adair (\$6).

"A healthy nation," wrote Bernard Shaw in 1906, "is as unconscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones. But if you break a nation's nationality, it will think of nothing else but getting it set again." In the late 19th century and early 20th, when the bone of Gaelic nationality was painfully being set, Ireland found voice to curse, plead, moan, gasp, roar and sing out a literature as great and sudden as any of modern times.

There had never been an age without fine Irish writers, but almost to a man—Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Shaw—they had crossed the sea to pass their lives laughing prosperously at England rather than weeping insolently for Ireland. In the 1880s, when William Butler Yeats first twanged his lyre, the world was understandably startled: it was almost like finding a Goethe in a peat croft. But for the next 50 years Ireland kept passing out literary surprises, for first-rate writers came along as fast as poteen at a christening: Russell, Synge, Gogarty, O'Casey, Joyce, O'Flaherty, O'Connor, McLaverty. In Part I of *1000 Years of Irish Prose* (Part II, covering the first 930 years, will be published next year). Editors Mercier and Greene have made selections that lead like steppingstones through the turbulence of the great times; and almost every step is a literary gem.

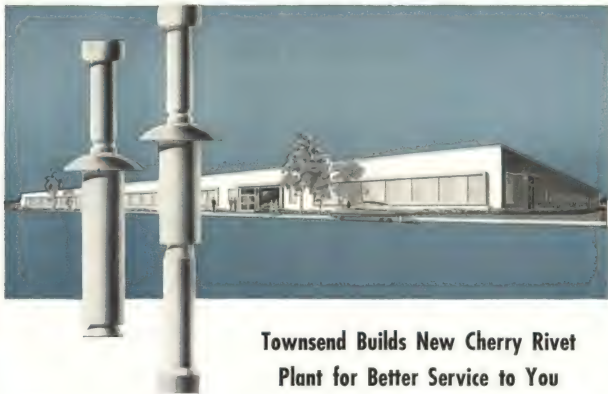
"Old Eire and the ancient ways" that led to the new Ireland are suggested in a series of myths retold by Standish O'Grady, James Stephens and Lady Gregory. More contemporary myths are provided by James Joyce in a passage on Parnell lifted whole from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and by J. M. Synge in his magnificent memoir on the Aran Islands.

A whole play by Sean O'Casey, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, and a handsomely turned short story by Elizabeth Bowen, *An Evening in Anglo-Ireland*, bring in the iron theme of revolution. The book rounds out with stories by Frank O'Connor, Liam O'Flaherty and a dozen others, a couple of eloquent political manifestoes, a little theologizing, a winsome recollection of Yeats by Oliver Gogarty, the Sirens section of Joyce's *Ulysses*, a late play by Yeats. About a third of the pieces, the editors note, have not previously been printed in the U.S.

Sentimental Egoist

HUGH WALPOLE (503 pp.)—Rupert Hart-Davies—Macmillan (\$5).

Something was the matter with Hugh Walpole's pants. "Suddenly the back of my bags split," says his diary in October 1906, "and I had to rush home." Same thing at a dazzling ball in 1914: "Saw everyone—great fun only my trousers split." But it was not only his trousers which kept leaving Walpole open to ridicule. All prepared to lecture on Charles



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Dickens, he would mount the platform only to find the subject was expected to be “Life Begins at Fifty.” In Westminster Abbey, at George VI’s coronation, it was Walpole’s invitation card which slipped from its holder’s tremulous fingers and floated down upon members of Parliament.

All men suffer such humiliations. But it is insecurely successful men like Hugh Walpole—craving dignity as others crave alcohol—who not only suffer most from them but seem always to invite them. Walpole, it might be supposed, had every reason to be cocky and self-confident. He belonged to one of Britain’s best-known families. His 50-odd books (*Fortitude*, *The Dark Forest*, *Rogue Herries*) brought him fame, Rolls-Royces, a flat in Piccadilly, a knighthood, a superb collection of paintings, a library of first editions and valuable manuscripts. He received compliments even from Queen Mary and T. S. Eliot. And yet he never felt safe; he was never sure that he was even a good writer, let alone a great one.

A Ripping Girl. Rupert Hart-Davies, one of Walpole’s executors and a close friend, has not attempted in his biography to psychoanalyze Walpole. He has simply drawn, from a mass of hearsay, letters and diaries, a completely detailed portrait which each viewer may appraise for himself. The only warning Hart-Davies gives the appraisers is not to suppose that Walpole (as is often suggested) was a potentially “great writer” who “deliberately surrendered this possibility in favor of money and popular success.” Says Hart-Davies: “Every hook he wrote contained all that . . . he knew how to include.”

Walpole’s father was a kind, reserved Anglican bishop. His mother, when her death approached, welcomed it with a remarkable phrase: “You don’t know what a comfort it is to think that I am never going to be shy again.” With two such restrained parents, it is no wonder that “Hughie” developed an insatiable appetite for romance and popular approval, and that he spent much of his life searching for the “ideal friend”—one over whom he could pour buckets of love and “understanding.”

No woman, it seemed, could fill the bill. But at 34, he chose “a ripping girl,” and proposed as follows: “I’ve always thought of you more as a man than as a woman . . . Later on, say in two years’ time, if you want a house and would like to settle down, I’d like to marry you.” The ripping girl wisely said no. Years after, when Hughie had found more than one ideal friend among his own sex, she asked him: “What would you have done if I’d said yes? . . .” “Oh,” he answered airily. “I should have rearranged my life accordingly.” “Certainly,” says Hart-Davies, “a great deal of rearrangement would have been necessary.”

The Unsleeping Critics. Walpole entered literary life on bended knees. A pulsating fan letter to the aged Henry James touched the old man’s heart. “I am deeply moved,” he wrote Hughie in his inimitable manner, “by your word to the effect that you will ‘love me till you die’; it gives me



NOVELIST WALPOLE
He needed his enemies.

so beautiful a guarantee of a certain measurable resistance to pure earthly extinction.” He suggested that Hughie address him as “Très-cher Maître.” Thereafter, Hughie sat at the Master’s feet, imbibing his literary lore, craving his compliments. He didn’t always get them, but he could always depend on the Master to respect the onion-paper thinness of his skin.

Unfortunately, the Master’s tender approach was not followed by coarser critics. All agreed that young Walpole was a genius of productivity, but many found his work slipshod, uninspired, and even rather empty. And it was Walpole’s curse that he was incapable of letting sleeping critics lie. He wrote them injured letters, protesting their right to have a “dig” at him. As he soared into the big money and ran into the big competition of such as Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy, Hughie’s claws became sharper. But so did his rebuffs. When he wrote to Critic James Agate: “I doubt if you’ve ever read a whole book by anyone right through in your life! Have you? If so, what?” Agate retorted: “Have you ever in your life rewritten a sentence? If so, what?”

The Essential Thing. And so it went, year after year—multitudinous pinpricks impinging like driven steel, culminating in Somerset Maugham’s merciless caricature of Walpole as Alloy Kear in *Cakes and Ale*. Being popular and fashionable didn’t help; on the contrary, Hughie yearned to be as “difficult” as his friend Virginia Woolf. “How nice if they said: ‘This new novel of Hugh Walpole may be very beautiful, but we can’t be sure because we don’t understand a word of it.’ I’d truly love that.”

He poured out his money on *objets*

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d'art, lavishly furnished (and loved) his
homes in London and the Lake district.
He had a box of carnations (his favorite
flower) delivered every week, took to
churchgoing every Sunday. But, as with
his novels, he kept finding that "the essen-
tial thing has escaped me" and that the
world seemed to be dead-set on plunging
him into confusion. Why, he asked, did he
suddenly find himself "guest of the Esto-
nian government at their National Festi-
val?" Why, when invited to Hollywood to
write either *Kim* or *Oliver Twist*, did the
moguls put him to work on *The Prince*
and *the Pauper*? And why, after a week's
toil, did they switch him to *Kim*? Next
morning, when they offered him *Burn*,
Witch, *Burn*, he declined angrily. So they
suggested "a film about Oxford." He
finally did *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

When he died in 1941, at the age of 57,
the *London Times* printed a cadaverous
obituary, describing him as a "sentimental
egotist" who was "not popular among his
jaded writers." Even his fiercest critics
joined the resulting chorus of protests.
These protests—which spoke of Hughie's
affection and unselfishness, his readiness
to aid young writers, his generous appre-
ciation of writing superior to his own—
might, Hart-Davies suggests, have glad-
dened Hughie's heart, had he heard them
in his lifetime. But this is a doubtful mat-
ter. For once, on being told that a certain
editor was helping, not harming him,
Hughie turned white as a sheet. "Don't
tell me that," he entreated. "You mustn't,
you mustn't. Don't take away my enemy."

RECENT & READABLE

The Canterbury Tales. A versification
by Nevill Coghill preserves the lusty tone
of the original Chaucer in a rendering as
up-to-date as the conversation of a 20th
century Oxford don (TIME, Aug. 11).

Journey to the Far Pacific, by Thomas
E. Dewey. A discerning and lively narra-
tive of the governor's travels in 17 coun-
tries (TIME, July 21).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest
addition to the small shelf of good books
about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

**Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young
Girl.** How eight Jews escaped the Gestapo
for two years by hiding in an Amsterdam
office building; recorded in the memorable
journal of a teen-ager (TIME, June 16).

Submarine! by Edward L. Beach. The
dramatic underside of the Navy's war in
the Pacific, as told by a combat subma-
rine (TIME, June 9).

The Thurber Album. Back through the
turns of time with James Thurber of
Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis
Taylor. A cheerfully anecdotal biography
(TIME, June 2).

Witness. The testament of Whitaker
Chambers (TIME, May 26).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey
Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—SS
and NKVD—in the Ukrainian city of
Kharkov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon.
Life & death in a fictional English village
of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).



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In the course of 13 issues, LIFE reaches 3 out of every 5 U. S. households



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household coverage of **LIFE**

Here are some of the facts of LIFE's household coverage

More than 5,200,000 copies of LIFE are bought each week.

Every week, LIFE reaches 11,880,000 U. S. households (meaning all people who regularly live together in one home or dwelling unit).

Every week, in 10,270,000 of these households, LIFE is read by half or more of all adults.

Every week, in 4,500,000 of these households, LIFE is read by all adults.

In the course of 13 issues, LIFE reaches 25,640,000 different households. That is 60.4% of all U. S. households.

LIFE is read consistently (8 or more out of 13 issues) in 8,600,000 of these households.

In the course of 13 issues, LIFE reaches 65% of all U. S. households in the middle and upper socio-economic groups—and 58% of all U. S. households living in owned homes.

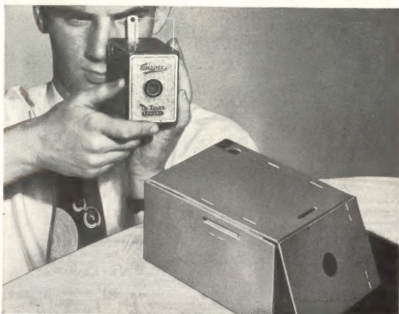
These facts are from *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE "Household" is one in which one or more of the adult members has seen one or more of 13 issues of LIFE.

LIFE

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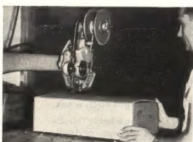
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MISCELLANY

Object Lesson. In Omaha, after Harry Marble parked his car in a properly metered place behind the post office, police removed the meter, installed a "Bus Zone—No Parking" sign, ticketed Marble's car.

Hair of the Dog. In Inglewood, Calif., when George D. Pauly dropped a 50-lb. cake of ice on his toe, a doctor advised: "Go home and keep your foot in an ice pack."

Specialized. In Baltimore, Contractor Christian P. Sorensen advertised for bricklayers and got no response, advertised a second time for left-handed bricklayers and was swamped with answers from right-handed ones pretending to be left-handed.

Modest Proposal. In London, the Chelsea Borough Council abandoned plans for a big electric sign along the Thames waterfront after Councillor Margery Thornton argued: "Let us leave a little darkness for the lover and his lass."

Star Turn. In Detroit, Mrs. Cecil Jewell won a divorce after testifying that her husband often came home from saloons at 4 a.m. and demanded that she put on a one-woman floor show, which lasted "until 9, or 10 o'clock in the morning, or until I got too tired to dance any more."

Definition. In Sunderland, England, Thomas Boyle, 45, walked into a department store and stole a toy six-shooter for one of his children, told police who arrested him: "The counter service was too slow, and that's criminal."

Delayed Reaction. In Van Nuys, Calif., Ironworker Elba Virgil Norton, 32, failed to convince police, who arrested him for drunken driving, when he insisted: "I am not drunk. I'm just still shaking from the earthquake."

Fair Deal. In Muncie, Ind., David B. Blazer's will provided \$15 for the minister, \$10 for the church, \$2 each for those who participated in his funeral, and \$5 each for those who called on him before he died.

Professional Touch. In Greenfield, Mass., Stanley Mislak, 34, paid a \$5 fine for passing a stop sign, then went back to his job erecting stop signs for the state.

Man Around the House. In Knoxville, Tenn., Bakery Worker Charles D. Langston, 140 lbs., sued his wife (who weighs "one-eighth of a ton") for divorce, charged that she 1) made him prepare breakfast and dress the baby, 2) beat him until his legs were "raw meat," 3) demanded that he rinse the clothes four times when he did the Friday-night washing, although "this was not a sanitary idea of hers, but merely to harass me."

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